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The Pacific.

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Public Spirit as a New England Virtue.

[Address by Rev. George Moor, D.D., at the celebration of Forefathers' Day, by the Congregational Club of San Francisco, on the 21st of December, 1883.]

"I had planned to invite your attention this evening to the relation which the movement in 1620, under John Robinson, bore to the work of Luther in 1520. But the theme gathered so large materials that it seemed likely to tax the patience of an hour like this. Besides it grew to wear even to myself a far-away interest, and I feared my imagination might not be vivid enough to bring that century closely in contact with the life of our time.

"But there has been suggested to me one characteristic of the Pilgrim character and polity which I do not remember to have seen elsewhere distinctly made the theme of discourse, and which it requires no special oratorical gift to bring home to the California society of this present year. Several years ago, a gentleman whom I met in Oregon volunteered a generous appreciation of a quality he had observed in a certain portion of our country which he had recently visited for the first time. It struck him as peculiar to that section. It surprised him. For, in the place where he had been living lately, it was noticeably and rather painfully absent. Along the lines where he was born, also, it was almost unknown. The way it manifested itself to this visitor was this. For example, the farmers of the neighborhood, instead of idling away their evenings at a saloon, came together to discuss various matters of husbandry. When he went into the little towns also, he found similar circles met for mutual improvement. In one and another village he noted how much pains had been taken to beautify the streets with shade-trees. While he had never seen so many private grounds in an equal population so trim and sweet and fair, it was plain that somebody was caring for the neighborhood. When he came to inquire who was caring for the neighborhood itself, he was told it was the neighborhood itself. Sometimes, they said, the improvements were secured by general vote in town or district meeting; sometimes by a sort of spontaneous concert; often under the inspiration of a class of citizens who had an instinct for putting things to rights—after the type of a yeoman of Woburn, concerning whom one wrote me a little time ago with a commendable family pride: 'He introduced the Baldwin apple—a trusted friend; always stirring about, always bettering things.' This thrifty town-life and the spirit which was moving to produce it, were a revelation to this Oregon pioneer. For he had cherished even to the time of gray hairs, no little prejudice against that corner of the Union. Not a few things he saw there were not to his mind. But this characteristic charmed him. It made the landscape smile in the teeth of the east wind; it clothed a thin and rocky soil with fruitfulness and grace. He queried as to the source from which this public spirit came.

"Now, the student who reads the records of the Fathers with this query in his mind, will soon see that public spirit was taught and praised among them from the first as a special and choice virtue of a good citizen. Notably was this the teaching of the Pilgrim pastor himself. For among the counsels which he gave the company when they left him was this. Beneath its antique and quaint style is revealed the insight of this man whom a severe critic of the Pilgrim polity called 'the most learned, polished and modest spirit that ever separated from the Church of England.' 'A further thing'—this was Robinson's counsel—'there is carefully to be provided for, namely, that with your common employments you join common affections, truly bent on the common good, avoiding as a deadly plague of your both common and special comforts all reticence of mind for proper advantage, and all singularly affected every manner of way. Let every man repress in himself, and the whole body in each person, as so many rebels against the common good, all private respect of men's selves, not sorting with the general convenience.' This was a penetrating lesson. There is evidence that it sank at once and deeply into the mind of the fathers. For in some fresh readings of the early chronicles I have made note of several references to this virtue in the tributes paid on the death of the settlers. We might not be surprised to find such a trait referred to on the death of such a man as Robert Cushman; for he was a public agent. Yet, it deserves mention that this man, who was not a minister nor an elder, preached the first sermon in America that was ever printed. This was in the third year of the settlement. The text of that discourse was significant also. It was this: 'Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth; and the subject was, 'The Sin and Danger of Self-love.' But not in obituaries of public characters only, but also in those of private members of the community, we read these allusions to this grace. Thus, regarding Mr. John Jenny, who came over in 1623, the record is: 'Who was a godly though otherwise a plain man, yet singular for publicness of spirit, setting himself to seek and promote the common good of the plantation of

New Plymouth.' Similar language is used of Wm. Thomas, who died in 1651. That it is not always safe to reason from a man's name to his nature is evident. For when Mr. William Paddy died in 1865, the testimony is: 'He was instrumental in his place for common good, both in church * * * and in other respects very officious, as occasion did require.' (It should seem that the word officious had not yet lost its good name.) These indications, and many others such as these, show that public spirit was counted thus early among the chief virtues of a New England man. Is it any wonder that when New England theology came to its majority in the following century, it should have gone so far as to resolve all virtue into benevolence? For when its great Edwards was asked, 'What is virtue,' he replied, 'Love to being in general.' Why, that answer had come over in the Mayflower! Like all great truths, it had lived in the heart before it had been formulated as a doctrine.

"No doubt one reason why this grace came to win such prominence lay in the fact that our fathers came over as members of organized companies. They knew that union was the only condition of strength. Their enemies were many in the dear England they had left, and in the 'howling wilderness' to which they were come. Divisive elements stole into their own feeble numbers from the first. These elements kept coming over and breeding faction and discontent. Such were some of those who arrived on the *Fortune* in 1623. That is an expressive phrase which Bradford uses of them when he says they came 'on their particular.' Such persons would do little but whisper about in corners, and then send back to enemies across the sea these whispers. What could the promoters of the colony do but stand close together? How could they help regarding plots against the common interest as a base and dangerous crime? No one who considers the critical circumstances in which they were placed can wonder that they sent such a person as John Oldham away, and that when he returned without leave, and began to use big words, they should commit him 'until he was tamer,' and then 'appoint a guard of musketeers, which he was to pass through, and every one was ordered to give him a blow on his hinder parts with the butt end of his musket, and then he was conveyed to the water-side, where was a boat ready to carry him away with this farewell: 'Go and mend your manners!' They who think there was no humor among the Pilgrims need only exercise a little imagination. If the humor seem a trifle grim, we must remember that the common good, the very life of the colony, was at stake. On the very day the *Mayflower* landed at Cape Cod, and the forty-one men had begun to put their dream of July face to face with the November reality, it was natural that they should for very warmth cuddle together in the cabin and sign their names to an instrument by which they covenanted and combined themselves into a civil body politic 'for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends' for which they had come. Situated as they were and as they must remain, how could public spirit be any less than a matter of life and death?

"But especially and as going down to the main springs of this Pilgrim virtue, we must emphasize the earlier covenant by which these people were bound together as a Church of Christ. Would it were possible for us to realize to ourselves the intense and glowing appreciation the early Separatists had of the Church whose apostolic pattern they were seeking to restore! We are apt to think of them as strict and self-contained, and severely practical. We do not give them credit for the sense of beauty and for warm and vivid emotions. In some directions they did lay a stringent pressure on the aesthetic nature. But toward the idea of a glorious Church without spot or wrinkle, and all the wealth of their admiration gave itself free play. You know how, amid the coarseness and impurity of the 12th century, there arose again, and that in the heart of Bernard, the Monk, that transcendent vision of 'Jerusalem, the Golden.'

"Those halls of Zion
Conjunct with song
And bright with many an angel
And all the martyr throng."

So in those days of darkness which so disappointed men's minds, after the first flushes of the reformation, those English men and women fashioned anew the ideal of a holy and free Church. I have seldom been more deeply touched than when reading for the first time the letters of that Welsh martyr, John Penry, written to his wife, while he lay in the dismal prison awaiting his execution. He was connected with an obscure company of people, who, in the peril of life, met for the reading of the Word and the observance of the Christian ordinances. A pitiful conventicle it was in the contemptuous thinking of even well-reputed men. But Penry refers to it as though it were the New Jerusalem itself. 'Continue,' he writes to his wife, 'a member of that holy society whereof you and I are, where the Lord in his ordinances reigneth.' By all means have the little

children cast in their lot with the same.

"Despite the Brownist failure at Middleburgh, and the Johnson scandals at Amsterdam, the Leyden exiles had not despaired of seeing the same fair picture become a solid fact. They had not been disappointed. Notwithstanding many discomforts of their outward lot, their experiment in church life had brought them peace and comfort and growth, as well as good report from them who were without. Such a fellowship is a wonderful promoter of the purest public spirit. So when Robinson and Brewster would enlist the confidence of the company which was to send the exiles over the sea, they offer this special consideration: 'We are knit together as a body in a more strict and sacred bond or covenant of the Lord of the violation whereof we make great conscience, and by virtue thereof we do hold ourselves straitly tied to all care of every other's good and of the whole by easy and so mutual.' It was no unreasonable expectation that a colony planted by people joined by so close and deep a tie, would be exceptionally pervaded by a healthy and strong and thrifty life."

"But in tracing to its sources the peculiar public spirit of New England, we must not forget the sense of responsible freedom which underlay the ecclesiastical and civil organization there. With the consciousness of individual liberty and the opportunity for its exercise comes a peril to the common good, but with the peril in the abuse, comes the bright promise in the use of the gift. Dr. Dexter, in the wonderful volume with which he has enriched our Congregational literature, has done all that research can do to rehabilitate Robert Brown as the pioneer of our free polity. But I am confident that the sons of the sires will continue to feel about that gentleman very much as the sires felt. They will not accept him as their leader. What though he did state, in the temporary illumination of his younger days, the true doctrine, yet neither he nor the company to which he ministered could successfully work it. Their hobby died in the process of breaking it. The new wine they drank was too much for them. Each member set to work not merely to please his neighbor to his good for edification, but to edify him whether he was pleased or not. It would be tedious to rehearse how the Separatist Church at Amsterdam went to pieces on this same rock of middle-class liberty; because the pastor's brother would not stand the freedom with which the pastor's wife 'wore three, four, or five gold rings at once.' Because the lady herself used her right to wear her 'bask and her whale-bones in her breast even tho' many of the saints grieved.' 'We all know the risk of such independence. It is not to be concealed that the feeling in the New England communities that every man is as good as the next man, has developed as many odd sticks and knotty characters as anywhere else. He who reads closely will encounter many a tale of selfishness and unreasonableness and interminable quarrel and council. The abuses of freedom are more liable to be thrust on the notice than its uses. But what a discipline has come with these very perils! For, if we have opportunity to obstruct the peace and unity of the community, and are free to do so if we choose, yet, on the other hand, how noble it is to contribute our share, and even more than our share, to the common good! Besides it was the very alphabet of this Pilgrim order that the community belongs equally to every member. The free man takes a freeman's pride in meeting the honorable responsibility which his rank puts upon him. *Noblesse oblige.*

"Let us add now the emphasis placed in the New England system upon the self-completeness of the local units, the church and the town. If charity, while not ending, does really begin at home, public spirit, which is one form of it, begins there also. But what we were trained to call home was not a sub-division of the State; it was the residence of families living in a closely defined locality, worshipping in one house of God, and, for nearly all its internal affairs, self-governing and responsible. It was a little world sufficient unto itself. On its church side, it had its full quota of pastors and deacons, its sacraments and the power of the keys. It had open and direct communion with the Invisible Sovereign.

Within the horizon which encircled the meeting-house, the company of believers exercised the only visible authority of the Son of God. In proportion as this idea was worthily realized, the individual householder felt himself put in trust with the gravest public interests. If the kingdom of heaven was to have rightful honor, order and beauty, it would be because he gave his time and thought and love to it. It was he who would determine the purity and life of the word which should be proclaimed there; it was he who would make the place where it was proclaimed noble or mean. So on the civil side. The home of the New England boy was equally dependent on the citizens. It was not the town that made the men but the men who made the town. It was they who administered the functions of a miniature State. Down to within a short period the fami-

lies swarmed with children. The son of William Bradford, first Governor of Plymouth Colony, had fifteen children. A later Governor of Massachusetts, Sir Wm. Phipps, if we can believe Cotton Mather, was one of twenty-six children by the same father and mother. Families of even half this size must be regarded as favorable, if well governed, to public spirit. But care was taken that the swarms should not betake themselves to the wilderness so as to become wild bees. They were expected to go in hives, each hive made after the pattern seen in the Mount. This building impulse for complete local institutions was bred into the very structure of the young emigrants. And the limits of church and town were not wide enough nor the population large enough to rob any settler of his due voice and vote. If he chose to exert his influence, that influence would count for something in the making of the community. I cannot doubt that this self-completeness of the local church and town has been an important factor in bringing it about that wherever, north or south, east or west, the traveler passes through a circle of homes, within which the houses and school-buildings and churches are well-kept, the roads are smooth and shaded, and the general air is that of neatness, order, comfort and intelligence, he will describe it—he has no other way to describe it—as a New England village.

"My Oregon pioneer, then, in his observations, struck no merely accidental characteristic of life in the Pilgrim States. What he saw is as truly a feature of society there, as those clear streams are a feature of the landscape. It is not, indeed, an exclusive possession of that small cluster of States, and other men, not of our order and not of this lineage, have drunk of this spirit. But I cannot think it arrogant or clamorous to hold that the conditions of organization there have been specially favorable to the development of this grace. The apple may grow in many lands, but in some spots it reaches a finer flavor. Is it not true, also, that the largest and most notable foundations which have been laid in our country for the charities, for benevolent societies, for seats of learning, have been laid by the men who were trained under the inspiration, or who have imbibed the essential principles of the forefathers? Has it not been said, with no inconsiderable show of reason, that there is a city in our country where a rich man would not be considered of good repute unless he had given a hundred thousand dollars to Harvard or some other college? They say, indeed, that the Pilgrim stock is being displaced by newer immigrants. But he who cherishes those places of his recollection, will note that the stream of public benevolence there does not run dry. He notes in the journals the frequent gifts which are bestowed upon the old and new institutions for the common good. When he himself revisits the villages, he is surprised to see how during recent years—to specify a single thing—the library buildings and lecture halls have sprung up side by side with the schools and the churches. When, too, we hear of some magnificent endowment made for these or other public interests, there or elsewhere, in London or Baltimore, for the white and for the colored people of the South, or for the field which is 'the world,' how often the sketch of the giver makes us aware that though he may have left the land, and perhaps the church of his fathers, he has carried with him the hereditary passion. For who are the Peabodys, the Enoch Pratts, the Slaters and the Otises, who pour out their millions at a time, but men who trace their lineage and nurture to the Pilgrim shores?

"Confessedly, there is no virtue needed more than this public spirit in the mass of citizenship that is forming in California. Many of the conditions under which our State was planted and which continue to operate, are unfavorable to this spirit. There is something about the very government by counties instead of towns, which is an obstruction. The vagrant homelessness of agricultural laborers allows little of local attachment. The preference of the cities leaves the country life cheerless. Many people, also, who come to us from monarchical countries, and State churches, have the fatal facility of leaning on the governmental arm. We need radical, but well-tried, forces set working in every ward and township of this growing empire, to develop self-reliance in the individual and a principled seeking of the local and general good. The forces which have been tried in the Pilgrim history have wrought the purest social results that have been yet attained in the progress of mankind. Let our faith in them be as strong as that of those who died before the sight. Is it not fitting that here in San Francisco, on the anniversary of the Forefathers, we should recall to mind the grand old name which their sons gave to the State that sprang from the united colonies of Plymouth and the Bay? That name of itself attests the reality of the ideal which was their endeavor and their prayer: 'God save the COMMONWEALTH!'

An air of importance—one's first temptation.

The Beautiful.

S. C. B.

The beautiful in earth, in sea, in air,
We covet it and love it everywhere—
In flowers and trees, in babbling brooks,
In sunny dales and shady nooks.

Beautiful birds with sweetest song,
Warbling their notes the whole day long;
Bees and butterflies gaily dressed,
The sinking sun and the golden west.

Beautiful twilight gathering 'round;
Playing shadow reprisals o'er the ground,
Are the golden leaves as they fall from the trees,
And sing to each other in the evening breeze.

Beautiful flowers, with fragrance fraught,
Grateful the lessons your beauty has taught,
Soul unto soul, and heart unto heart,
Life giving, love holding, never to part.

Beautiful deeds and words and thoughts,
Beautiful treasures that love has brought,
Beautiful hands that come and go,
'Lightly to soften another's woe.'

Beautiful world, though sorrow I find,
Much of pleasure and joy is defined:
Graces of heart words fail to describe,
Purest of souls in which to confide.

Welcome the beautiful, good and true;
Search for virtues you never knew
In the hearts that enter your very door,
And treasure them up in memory's store.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

The Cedar of Lebanon.

"Bring me a branch of one of the cedars of Lebanon," said a young lady to her brother, as he was on the eve of his departure to Palestine. "Whatever else you fail to bring me, do not fail to bring me a branch of one of those cedars." What she said, many others have thought, so that an American who lived in Palestine said: "I have gathered hundreds of the cones of these trees for friends in England and America, and you will see them more frequently in private cabinets than any other memento of the Holy Land."

Why is this? It is not because of their number, for there are not more than five hundred of them there, and they are decreasing because of the ravages of men and beasts. But we never need fear that they will be destroyed entirely, for there are more within fifty miles of London than there are on Mount Lebanon. Nor is it because of their size, for the largest is only forty-one feet in diameter, and a hundred feet high. Yet, those who have been there say that a peculiar sensation comes over one while visiting those trees, even if the visit is repeated many times, and it is because the place is holy ground. The visitor is speaking to those trees which held converse with those who wrote the Bible; he is taking in the same fragrance as he did who wrote of the Church: "Thy robes breathe the odors of Lebanon." He is viewing the same evergreen beauty, under the protection of the same shadow, thinking of the same usefulness, and admiring the same glory as inspired men of old. He turns to the Bible and reads—"The righteous shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."

1. Before he reaches the grove, even before he fairly sees it, he knows that he is approaching something peculiar, from the fragrance which is borne to him on the wind, and he thinks what Hosea said of the Church: "Thy smell shall be as Lebanon."

Even so should it be with the Christian. Before he says anything, before we become acquainted, we see something attractive, in walk, countenance, movement, actions. "Who was that lady of pleasing countenance who sat on our right," said a minister to me, as for the first time he had been with me in my pulpit. He could not fully describe her, but he kept speaking of the pleasing countenance. After some questioning I satisfied myself who he meant, and it was not strange that I told him that she was one on whom I depended more than almost any other in church, Sabbath-school, prayer-meeting, choir and almost every form of Christian work.

We conferred together, and I told him of my trials, especially with one woman who bore the name of Christian. "Do not tell me more," said he, "her very appearance is repelling." Fragrance or no fragrance shows itself as quickly in the Christian as in the cedar.

2. Its shadow. Now we go under the branches of the tree but have not touched it. They shelter us well during the night, and when the hot sun pours down during the day, still it protects us; and when a heavy storm arises to clear the atmosphere on account of the heat, and the loud thunders roll, and the lightnings flash, and the strong wind blows, and the rain comes down in torrents, we are safe for we are under the thick branches; and as we wait, we turn to our Bibles, and we find that Ezekiel wrote: "A cedar in Lebanon, with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, of a high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs." We turn over the leaves of the Bible, and we find that Moses was such a shadow when he prayed so earnestly that God would not destroy the children of Israel, when they had made the golden calf, and we remember that many a parent has in like manner protected his child, when thousands of miles away, and in great temptation.

"This protection of the cedar is not for the summer alone, like the maple or oak, not weak and broken easily by the wind as the locust tree, but it is strong and it is an evergreen.

Here again we find an illustration of the Christian, at least of what he should be; yes, of what God in his love has promised the real Christian shall be. His influence extends through moral winters, and stands the storm.

3. But in addition we find that these cedars are useful. "The birds of the air make their nests there. Tyre, near the foot of the mountain, used those cedars in various ways. Solomon's chariot and house were partly built of them, and they were largely used in the erection of the temple, for strength, beauty and sacred places. They were placed beside stone pillars, so that there was a row of cedar pillars, and three of stone, a row of cedar, and three of stone, and so on. The knobs were made of cedar, and the ceiling of the holy place and the altar were of cedar. Why? Because the wood is beautiful, solid, almost incorruptible, so that insects will not attack it, and as much more valuable than the sycamore trees as silver and gold is than stones.

Here again is a simile of the Christian. He is to be useful. We sometimes hear of a lazy Christian (professing), but did you ever hear of a lazy one (real)? Mar and Martha, Gaius and the elect lady, whose name is not even given, were common people, but the good record of them in the Bible tomes because they were useful. God is now building a living temple; Christ is the chief corner-stone; the apostles and prophets, the foundation; and Christians are the upper structure, the knobs and flowers, the pomegranates and pillars the ceiling and altar.

4. The cedar lives in a cold place, sixty-five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by perpetual snow. They stand to show that when spiritual coldness and moral winters cover the world, Christians are to still stand, as Elijah, Zacharias, Simeon and Anna and Abraham did.

5. The cedar is the king of trees. Solomon spoke of all plants, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar in Lebanon. The Christian is not a worldly king, but he is a spiritual one, and a real one, even in this world. It was not Paul, the prisoner with chains on his hands, that trembled in court, but Agrippa, although he was on the throne. He that ruleth his own spirit is more of a conqueror than he that taketh a city. The Christian conquers death; says, when asked about recovery, calmly, yet triumphantly: "I have no wish to decide; is it not soft to be resigned?" while kings tremble, and offer their money and kingdom for six months more of life.

And why is all this? Because the roots of the cedar are not scattered broadly but in a shallow way near the surface of the ground, but because they go around and even through the rocks, if they can find a crevice through which they may wedge their way, while at the same time they draw their nourishment from the streams which constantly flow from the snows just above them. A cedar of Lebanon planted by a pond in England flourished until the pond was filled up, when it died. So the Christian must be founded on the Rock of Ages, and draw his nourishment from the water of life, and if God surrounds him by moral snows, he will by getting nearer to God, find from them come this river of life.

M. E.

The Hyde Park Tunnel.

About two years ago an extension of the water-supply system for Chicago was found to be an imperative necessity, and a tunnel beneath the bed of Lake Michigan was decided upon. The charge of this work is in the hands of Mr. John A. Cole, our old-time friend and the Field Agent of the Christian Commission in the Potomac Army during the war; a noble Christian man of fine executive ability. The tunnel is entered by a shaft 60 feet deep and 100 feet from the lake's edge. An elevator is used to convey workmen and debris to and from the tunnel. On reaching the bottom of the shaft, one sees extending, seemingly, miles in the distance, a long circular passage-way seven feet in diameter, lined with brick, and brilliantly lighted with electric lights. On the bottom a floor has been laid, on which is an iron track, and one may get on board the little flat cars here and take a journey under the Lake 50 feet below its level. Perfect ventilation is maintained by a long pipe coming in from outside. The material found in digging is a blue clay, so hard that the frequent use of dynamite is required, making the progress slow. The daily average of the first four months was but 12 feet. At the present time, 20 feet of finished tunnel are being made each day. It is proposed to go out under the lake one mile from shore, and nearly half of the work is complete. It is a remarkable fact that as yet there has been no accident and very little trouble from water, sand-pockets, or inflammable gas.

The prairie is like an upright man—void of a fence.

Communications.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

"Caraid is Dlinth na Braithair"—A Friend
that is Closer than a Brother.

[Translated out of the original Gaelic by
Peter Cook.]

At last 'tis time for me to sing
The song that's ever new;
Sing of the dying of my king,
And bring his love to view.
No earthly friend more dear to me,
In every hour of care;
No brother nearer than was he
My pilgrim toil to share.

In what strain shall the song be sung?
I've searched earth's realm to know;
No angel rapture wakes my tongue
To make the numbers flow.
Had I cross heaven's extended shore
Once heard redeemed ones sing,
In earthly courts I'd live no more
To praise my righteous king.

O gracious Saviour, heavenly guide,
My homeward steps were slow;
Yet hast thou never left my side,
Through all life's ebb and flow.
High on the precipice of woe
I spent life's opening hour,
Till grace first taught me where to go
To pluck the blithe Sharon's flower.

No parent wise in counsel grown,
No brother sought my side;
In life's broad wilderness alone
I drank each bitter tide.
My early friends upon life's way
Ne'er spoke of Jordan's wave,
Beyond which shines eternal day,
With Him who died to save.

At last, low sleeping from on high,
Thy Spirit woke my dream;
Deep condemnation bade me fly
To seek salvation's stream.
Secluded in the grassy vale,
My father's flock in view,
I'd mingle with the passing gale
My prayer for pardon true.

How soon would pass this pensive hour!
Thy Spirit would depart
Like morning cloud, and leave no shower
On my cold desert heart.
I met with those who scorned thy truth;
I sung their siren song;
With them I trod with careless step,
The path of youth along.

Then Moses and the prophets all,
Lone passing from my view,
Heard me reject the warning call
Of him whose voice they knew.
Yet not alone, thou, Saviour dear,
Didst still beside me stand,
And grasped the sword already near
In condemnation's hand.

Sharp arrows from thy unseen hand
Called forth my lonely cry;
Long waiting for thy great command,
I watched the hours fly by.
Full well I knew my course was vain;
Long since had lost my path;
Dark clouds prepared the inky rain
Of thy impending wrath.

With eager haste thy counsels deep
I purposed to obey;
High on Mt. Sinai's quaking steep,
I sought the narrow way.
I sought, but found with ready hand
My twin-born foes arrayed;
Death dealt aloft his molten brand,
Sin bent his threatening blade.

A captive on this field of strife,
My dove of peace far;
Nor found one olive branch of life
To heal the deepening scar.
In vain she flew; forth from afar
The Prince of Darkness grey,
With blackest cloud obscured my star,
And veiled my onward way.

Lead on the sounding shore of thought
Echoed his seaward cry;
Vain had I for salvation sought;
The sinful soul must die.
Nor young, nor old, with piteous prayer,
Can find that heavenly grace,
Or in the land of morning star,
The brightness of thy face.

Thus, while I bade my hope farewell,
And saw my strength depart,
A footstep woke the lonely dell;
I felt my fetters part.
I woke, and through that cloudy crest,
I saw thy glory bright,
And o'er my victor's brazen breast
The "Red Sea" foaming white.

In raptures strains my anthem rolled
From choral meeting before;
I echoed back those harps of gold
Heard on an earthly shore.
Beneath thy wings, in peaceful calm,
I found a shady bower,
A dwelling by the drooping palm,
Beyond the tempter's power.

Sweet hour of peace, my rest, adieu!
To rougher scenes I stray;
March's broad bitter stream I view
Flowing along the way.
Those once my friends, when days were bright,
Surround my path no more;
I list in vain for songs of night,
That cheered the months of yore.

Still, from the mantled hills of light,
Where glories ever bliss,
Pure, from thy great pavilion bright,
I felt thy love descend.
For me, for me, thy blood was spilt;
I hid beneath thy shield;
Thy thorn-crowned head bore all my guilt
On Calvary's crimson field.

Hear from afar my brother's voice:
Be strong, and thou shalt win;
No foe shall over thee rejoice
In this broad world of sin.
For thee I fought with death and hell;
For thee I plead on high;
On me the sword of vengeance fell;
Oh, wherefore shouldst thou die?

The path is long, and far the goal;
Sleep is the narrow way;
I'll bear thy burden, weary soul,
Till dawn a brighter day.
While through this waste your path must lie,
Hold fast my willing hand;
Each day new beauties I'll supply,
And ever near thee stand.

At last, my king, when earth grown cold
Proclaims my labor done,
O'er Jordan cold, new grace unfold
To gild my sinking sun.
Thus let me calmly sink from view,
And raise my voice no more,
While thy strong arm conducts me through
In peace to yonder shore.

While darker grows life's latest hour,
Remain beside me still,
Till I behold in kingly power
Thy reign from "Zion's Hill."
Rio Vista, Dec. 17, 1883.

Glimpses of China.

For a number of months I had had an earnest longing to catch my first glimpse of the country life of this "Middle Kingdom," but Chinese disturbances at Canton prevented the issue of pass-ports. However, after patient waiting, I received the much-longed-for document with this advice from our worthy consul, Hon. Charles Seymour: "You are supposed to be a prudent man, but my advice to you is that you do not move far from your base." He also added that he did not think that any other consul would have given me a pass-port at such a critical time. Our consuls have all been more or less disturbed by the present situation, and some have gone so far as to recall some of the missionaries from the country. Yet, notwithstanding all the fears of our official protectors, I determined to view the country, even if it had to be done without any pass-port. Fortunately, however, it arrived in time, so that I was not compelled to make the journey without this assurance from the Chinese government that would grant me a safe protection to travel in the Quang Tung Province. So on the afternoon of the 17th of October Mr. Jones and myself set sail in a Chinese junk. My brother was not quite so well equipped as myself, as far as the legal documents were concerned, for the English consul had absolutely refused to renew his pass-port during these perilous times. Our civil authorities were much more frightened than the missionaries, and I must say that not a single American missionary stopped his work, though nearly all the English missionaries were obliged to do so because of the strictures laid upon them by the English consul.

All that have ever journeyed upon such a craft will agree with me when I say, that it has no beautiful cabins, much less a drawing-room. Its boudoirs and cabins are in the bottom of the ship, while its drawing-room is the bare deck, where you can scarcely find room to sit down, because of the cargo which takes up nearly all the spare room. Into the bottom of the boat our Chinese passengers betook themselves, while we secured a sleeping apartment upon deck. No one who is acquainted with Chinese sleeping rooms is at all anxious to be crowded into them. It has often been a great wonder to me how the Chinese could accommodate themselves to the close quarters that they receive on ship-board, for there, as elsewhere, they are crowded together in their different berths with very little fresh air to be obtained, for usually the port holes are all closed. Rather than to be thus compressed into a narrow space with no pure air, we determined to spend our night in a small room six feet long, four feet wide and four feet high, situated upon deck, and belonging to one of the sailors.

Into this small, straightened place two of us were packed, so that when we were once fairly stowed away nearly all possibility of moving was taken away. Fortunately one of us suffered from seasickness, and so he was quite willing to lie still. And yet in this narrow and close room we had pure and fresh air, and every one knows that that is a desired blessing when sailing upon the ocean. Our Chinese barque was manned by Chinese sailors, who took an especial interest in us to know where we were going, and what we were going to do. Occasionally one or two of them approached us and commenced to speak broken English. Most of these Chinese junks have two masts to which two very large sails are fastened. They present a very homely appearance, and I shall never forget the impression I gained upon first witnessing them near the coast of China as we sailed towards the island of Hong Kong. They have such an air of primitiveness about them that you are taken back in thought to the days when ship-building was in its infancy. Usually they are from 60 to 100 feet long, and about twenty feet wide in their widest part. Nothing is furnished to the passengers except rice, and if they wish any delicacies they must provide them for themselves. The Chinese delicacies are, however, very few, and a little cabbage and a few fish are all that they eat with their rice. To be sure they do not confine themselves to these three articles, for a Chinaman thinks that his stomach must have all the good things that his purse can afford. I have never grown weary of watching them eat, and especially it is amusing to see them on ship-board get their little pails or baskets full of rice, and then form little companies of two or three, and swallow bowl after bowl of this white cooked grain. They seem to have very little time for anything except to eat; even drinking is not indulged in while they heartily dispose of their meal.

It was a beautiful sight, as we left the harbor of Hongkong and sailed out into the ocean, or what may be termed the northern part of the China Sea. On the mountain side hung the city with its large and elegant houses, while before us the sea opened its wide domain. Here and there could be seen some beautiful foliage clustering around the base or on the side of some mountain peak. Many tourists fall in love with our city, and I apprehend one reason for this lies in the fact that they all can see it. Even before they disembark will they have seen nearly the whole of Hongkong. They need not wait until they have climbed some high mountain before the city reveals its beauty to them. But we leave the city of the "fragrant stream" behind, while before us opens up the sea, dotted here and there with numerous Chinese junks. But the curtains of night overtake us, and only the dim outlines of the winding shore are visible. The moon rises and keeps her faithful watch during the long hours of the night. Our sailors are quite superstitious and so they personate the demon of evil spirits by laying sacks of rice in a certain position upon the hatch-

way. "There," said my friend, "you see how devoted they are to their religion." I suppose there are no ships, junks and boats belonging to the Chinese where they have not their idols; even the much noted "sam-pan" has a regular corner for the "Po Sat" (idol). Naturally enough we thought of the time when the glorious Gospel should sweep every idol from its throne, and transform their shrines into altars of Christian consecration and baptismal fountains.

But we have laid ourselves to rest and try to sleep amid the howling of the wind, creaking of the masts and the loud bursts of laughter from the sailors. At 9:30 we are inspected by Chinese officers of the customs. Everything is carefully overlooked. They come even to our miniature room and inspect our reclining bodies, and as they notice our features, utter these words: "They are only Fan Kwais." I do not suppose they meant to be disrespectful to us, but merely uttered the general term used for all foreigners. Still it is not altogether pleasant to be called a "foreign devil." But a missionary should have grace enough to bear everything and anything. It is, perhaps, no worse for us to be called by this name than for the Chinese of America to be called "Celestial," "John Chinaman," etc.

There was a little more softened appearance in the hills and mountains that dotted the coast than in our own California barren mountains, and yet to some extent they are very much like the mountains around the "Bay City." Their difference lies principally in the greater amount of verdure that these mountains possess. We arrive at our port, where we leave the sea to journey by land. Among our passengers were a number of returned Chinese who were on their way home to meet father, mother, brothers and sisters, and in time to go to the hymeneal altar. One of these was a Christian belonging to the Methodist church, and as he parted from us I could only pray that he might exert a holy and healthful influence among his friends and kindred. None of my readers know what is in store for such if they are really true to God and to Christ, but this I may say, that they shall meet with many trials from their heathen relatives.

I was quite interested to catch my first glimpse of an inland Chinese town, or village, but I was not altogether prepared for all that I saw. As soon as we touched our feet upon the land we were the wonder of the natives. They inspected us from head to foot, laughed at our foreign style of dress, and now and then remarked that we had no queue. So much were they interested to see us that they came out of their shops to look at these foreign strangers, and I may say here that for two weeks we were the objects of unceasing observation. Scarcely a single meal could we take without Chinese peering in upon us to see how foreigners eat. As we read and wrote they watched our movements with the greatest curiosity. Indeed it was a little trying to be the observed of constant observers. I might say it was not so much the act of observation as the manner of it, which seemed so strange to us. It was not a pleasant and cheerful look that met our eyes, but a stare of wonder and bewilderment. It seemed as if their eyes were enlarged as they fixed them upon us, and many a look of inquiry did I notice in their almond eyes.

A short walk brought us through the town of Quang Hoi to the American Presbyterian chapel, where we were kindly received by the chapel-keeper. It was highly congenial to us to be permitted once more to rest upon the solid earth. Here we spent the night, and here, also, I must take leave of you, in the hope of continuing this narrative at some future time. I had caught my first glimpse, and in that look I beheld men, women and children whose faces betokened anything but the love of Christ, and yet beneath the exterior I saw the image of God which he had fashioned and formed after his own likeness. But oh, how defaced it was! God grant that the time may speedily dawn when Christ shall renew all these heathen hearts.

Yours very truly,

C. R. HAGER.

A correspondent of the London *Cristian Church* makes the following statement in regard to the royal family of Sweden and Norway: "Their majesties, Oscar and Sophie, take a lively interest in the religious welfare of their people, to whom they set a good example. Blessed the people that have such sovereigns. I shall always reckon amongst the pleasant hours of my life those I spent in private conversation with the queen of Sweden and Norway. We conversed about missions, prophecies, spiritual life, and I was very near forgetting the high rank of the lady, so true and so real was her Christian humility." There may have been Governors and their wives on the Pacific Coast, who have taken "a lively interest in the religious welfare of their people," but they have been in the minority. And it might prove a novelty, in these parts, if a woman in high station naturally fell into conversation about "missions, prophecies, and spiritual life." But, among us, even good men and women too often refrain from conversation on such topics. Our religion and its enterprises and applications are not sufficiently put into speech.

As to church services, the first word about them is, that they must be thronged. That means that no one who can be there is absent. Nothing is at its best where any members of church and congregation are away. Next, the services should be inspired and inspiring or interesting and spirited. To make this felt and permanent every one must come in spirit from Bible and closet. People get

very little out of services into which they put nothing. Even the fashions would have no interest for those who never had, nor expected to have, a new garment. Then, the services should have in them some element of surprise. In spiritedness, in novelty, in variety, in energy, in excellence of some sort, there is always room for surprise—somebody, somehow surpassing himself; success overmastering anticipated failure. Such services must be fitting—fitting the day, the place, the occasion, the season, the special theme and the pressing need. There is always need of drawing men away from the world and nearer to God. Whatever does this best will benefit the circumstances. Such services should be relatively brief. They will ordinarily seem brief, where there is no waiting to begin, and no waiting for the end. Still there should be no sense of hurry, and every form of worship should have due place and honor.

In the invisible skies there are two forces opposed to each other—authority, that is the Catholic Church; liberty, that is the Protestant Church. The former is right in that it contains the truth as given to it by Jesus Christ; the latter is right in having protested against the council of Trent, the Augsburg confession, against all the errors which were folded around divine truth. But a religion cannot be built on a negation. Reform, reform, continue to reform, that is right; protest against this exorcism, against that abuse, that is liberty. At the same time strive to erect a temple of worship on an affirmative basis. Join liberty with authority; that is the Church of the future, that is the Church of which I am an apostle." So Pere Hyacinthe is reported to have said in a recent lecture. But, while this noted priest and preacher is a man of remarkable powers and very eloquent, he is a rhetorician rather than a logician. He utterly misconceives the great reformation when he refers to it as simply a protest and regards Protestantism as built on a negation. It was the very idea and spirit of the reformation to affirm as well as deny. It threw off and burned away all the wood, hay and stubble of Romanism, and then planted itself finally and squarely on affirmation, on the rock of eternal truth.

"The precept of the great apostle, 'Weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice,' if it were grandly carried out, would make every man's life as in universal sympathy as Shakespeare's imagination was in universal imagery. Every man cannot be a poet; but every man may give himself some trouble to cultivate that kindly and genial sensibility on which the writing and appreciation of poetry depends. To live poetry, indeed, is always better than to write it; better for the individual, and better for society. Now the poetical life is 'just a life opposed to all sameness and all selfishness; eagerly seizing upon the good and beautiful from all quarters as on its proper aliment.' We can make a science of theology, but we cannot make a science of poetry. Nor can we make a science of religion. Religion is itself poetry. It is ever something fresh, figured, unselfish, joyous, and fringed with stars. It has insight into everything, and invests everything. The microscope finds nothing too small for it; the telescope, nothing too large for it. It idealizes that it may realize. It sees a pure saint in a human being, as a sculptor sees a statue in the unwhewn marble. It prays for an ideal, and lives for a millennium. It beautifies the earth that it may the better conceive of heaven. It walks in the light of an unending sun. It is feeling ever after the infinite and the eternal. It thinks of salvation as out of an emptied heaven; and of the cross as appearing a world, like the shoulders of Atlas.

THE BEST ANSWER.—John Wesley, a man of warm heart and active spirit, said, "I am always in haste though never in a hurry." He one day remarked to Adam Clarke, the commentator, "As I was passing through St. Paul's churchyard I observed two women standing opposite to each other, the one speaking and gesticulating violently, while the other stood perfectly still and in silence. Just as I came up and was about to pass them, the virago, clenching her fist and stamping her foot at her imperturbable neighbor, exclaimed, 'Speak, wretch, that I may have something to say!' Adam, that was a lesson to me. Silence is often the best answer to abuse."—[Selected.]

Love begets love. We love God, because he first loved us. If we would secure the love of others, we must show our love to them. We are often treated with neglect, simply because we are indifferent to others. As a general thing, we receive returns such as we give. If our hearts are full of love, and we strive to make others happy, and render their lives good and beautiful, they will become inspired with our spirit, and the light and love we bestow on them will be reflected back upon ourselves, so that in promoting their good we increase our own happiness. Love, then, as brethren; be piteous; be courteous; and the fruits of love will abound in your lives.—[Selected.]

It is seldom borne in mind that without constant return to its fountain-head—every religion, even the most perfect, may, the most perfect on account of its very perfection more even than others, suffers from its contact with the world, as the purest air suffers from the mere fact of its being breathed.—[Max Muller.]

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Home Circle.
The Perils of the Playhouse.
BY DR. THEODORE CUYLER.
Young people often ask me the ques-
tion "would it be right for me to go
to theater? If not, then why not?"
Those who propound these questions are
of the dissipated and dissolute class,
of clean young men and maidens—too
mean to be smirched by a needless expo-
sure to impure influences. That such
questions are raised constantly are in-
creasingly persistent in their demands on popu-
lar attention and patronage. It fills a
constantly enlarging place in the daily
routines. Theaters multiply more rapid-
ly than churches in some of our great cit-
ies. Theater-going increases more than
church-going. The dead walls are cov-
ered with flaunting pictorial representa-
tions of scenes and actors in full dress (or
no dress at all); and many of these
of such disgusting indecency that they
serve suppression by the public author-
ities. If the pictures be so shameless,
at must the originals be?
Before our youthful inquirers become
of the play-house it is but fair
to tell them that they should know just what perils to
their moral nature and to their welfare
immortal beings they are likely to en-
counter. The first peril is to purity of
character. Your eyes and ears are win-
dows and doors to the heart. What en-
ter once never goes out. Photographs
on the memory are not easily ef-
faced or burned up; they stick there, and
become temptations and tormentors for
lifetime. "I'd give my right hand,"
said a Christian to me once, "if I could
forget the abominable things that I put
in my mind when I was a fast young
man." He could not do it; neither will
you be able to efface the lascivious
images or the impure words which
stage may photograph on your very
soul. We do not affirm that every per-
former is immoral, or that every per-
former is impure, or that every theater-
goer is on the scent for sensual excite-
ment. But the stage is to be estimated
a totality; and the whole trend of the
American stage is hostile to al-
ter-purity. The exceptions do not al-
ter the rule. Nor have honest attempts
to bring the stage up to a high standard
of moral purity been successful. The ex-
periment once made in Boston of so man-
aging a theater as to exclude every in-
decency from the stage and every notori-
ously improper person from the audience,
ended in pecuniary failure. The Pur-
itan play-house soon went into bank-
ruptcy. The chief object of the manager
to make money; and if he can spice
evening's entertainment with a plot
of turns on a seduction or a scene of
passion, or with a salacious exposé
of physical beauty, the temptation is
strong to be very often resisted.
You must take the average stage as it
is and not as you would like to have it.
It is an institution, which if you patron-
ize, you become morally responsible for,
much as if you patronize a public li-
brary or a public drinking saloon. As an
institution it habitually unsexes woman
parading her before a mixed audience
man's attire. Too often it exposes her
to such a pitiable scantiness of any attire
all that if you saw your own sister in
such plight you would turn away your
eyes in horror. Yet you propose to pay
money (through the box-office) to
behold else's sisters and daughters to
behold womanly delicacy for your enter-
tainment. "If the daughter of Herodias
dances to please you, then you are re-
sponsible for the dance, both in its influ-
ence on the dancer and on your own moral
life. There is no evading before God
your accountability for the theater, if
you habitually support it. What its in-
fluence upon the average performer is ap-
parent from most abundant testimony.
One of the most celebrated actresses of
time informed a friend of mine that
only enters a theater to enact her
own profession." A converted actor
said to me, while passing a play-
house in which he had often performed,
"I think those curtains lie Sodomy." Al-
though sorely pressed to return to his old
profession, he said that he would starve
rather than go on the stage again. Mrs.
F. Kemble Butler—the last living
representative of the most famous his-
torical family of modern times—has, in
old age, condemned the stage emphati-
cally. As an institution, the American
theater tolerates sensual impurity in its
performers and presents scenes of impurity
to its patrons. If you become one of its
patrons you go into moral partnership
with the theater.
It would be a sufficient condem-
nation of the average play-house if it
induced one evil passion. But other
temptations lurk about it. There are
sensual associations to be encountered
everywhere. It is a prevalent habit with young
people who attend the theater to remain
late hour amid the excitements of
plays, and then finish off with a mid-
night supper, or a wine drink at some
dancing restaurant. To this perilous
vice a young lady of my acquaintance
has fallen. Long after sensible
people have laid their heads on their pil-
lows the habits of the theater are apt
to add a second scene of dissipa-
tion to the first one; and it must be pre-
pared for a Christian to find
such an evening's experience with
honest prayer for God's blessing.
Another peril of the theater
is the fascination which
it often engenders. Like wine-
drinking, it often becomes an appetite,
a very greedy appetite. To gratify
growing passion for the play-house,
of thousands of young people squan-
der their money and their time most pro-
fitably. Other and purer recreations be-
come tame and insipid. Even the en-
joyments of the stage become dull

unless they are spiced with new ex-
citements to the passions. Wholesale
pleasures cease to please, just as a
brandy-drinker ceases to be satisfied
with cold water or a cup of coffee. It is
not recreation, but stimulation, and a
very dangerous sort of stimulation, too,
that you will be after, when you become
enslaved by the fascinations of the stage.
My young friends, be assured that no
sagacious employer ever chooses a clerk,
or accountant, or any other employee the
sooner because he is a theater-goer.
No sensible man is apt to select the com-
panion of his heart and home because
she is a frequenter of a play-house. No
good woman wants her sons and
daughters there. No pastor expects that
his youthful church-members can go of-
ten into that impure atmosphere without
a terrible damage to their piety. I don't
believe that the theater has ever helped
many souls toward heaven. I know
that it has sent thousands to perdition.
Now that I have, in kind and candid
plainness of speech, pointed out some of
the inevitable perils of the play-house,
do you feel like taking the risk?—[Inde-
pendent, Brooklyn, L. I.]
The Good Housekeeper.
Among the many qualifications indispen-
sable to the good housekeeper stands pre-
eminent that of a good cook; because
that, more than all else, affects the health
and spirits of the entire family. A grow-
ing family is no small responsibility, as
every mother's heart will own, and in
order that the children may become strong
and robust their food should be as care-
fully selected and prepared as a doctor's
prescription. It should be regularly
served stated hours and placed on the
table in an attractive form at all times,
as outward appearances form no small
part in the enjoyment of the meal. The
viands served in each household are so
various that no rules can or should be
given, except that in all cases simple,
wholesome food is far preferable and real-
ly more palatable than the indigestible
dainties so often placed on the table.
Therefore mothers should teach their
daughters that great and truly beautiful
accomplishment, the secret of being a
cook.
Order and cleanliness may well come
on the housekeeping list, for they also
have no small part to play in the har-
mony of the family and the enjoyment of
the household. Every cupboard, pantry
and drawer should be subject to a fre-
quent cleansing and straightening process,
sufficient to keep them in perpetual order,
otherwise, by a little neglect, the
housekeeper will have her burdens
doubled and her work sadly disarranged.
Only by extreme care, where there is
but one pair of hands at the helm, can
the management of a household be sus-
tained with comfort, allowing a few hours
for rest and reading. In such a house-
hold everything should be done as sim-
ply as possible; no extra tucks on the
pillow-shams or cases, fewer ruffles to
fluff, tables painted to avoid scouring, etc.
Ruffles, tucks and fancy work may look
well, but not half as well as a happy,
contented mother, whose face is not
marked with lines of care and weariness.
Little will the babies care how many
tucks were in their tiny dresses when
they become men and women. Better a
thousand fold will be the sight of a
bright mother's face than one wearied
and fretful, grown cross and morose, or,
it may be, gone forever, with quiet,
folded hands resting at last.
Too many women who have been
bright, merry maidens sink into dull,
stupid, fault-finding wives and mothers.
Why is it? Some may fancy because the
duties are beyond their weak bodies.
And so they are. Sometimes the hus-
band is responsible in driving his busi-
ness and work and paying no heed to
his wife's help and conveniences; but in
a larger number of cases the wife her-
self is really at fault. In nearly every
household the work can be cut down and
simplified; that is, can be if we but over-
come some of the old housewives' no-
tions in regard to work. If they would
only realize that a house can be kept, and
neatly and prettily too, without such
an immense load of quilts as required
months and even years to accumulate.
Cheap spreads that are easily washed,
nice new comforts and blankets are far
preferable—and what a gain for hours of
reading, rest and improvement; and this
is only one instance; there are many more.
—[Exchange.]
Paper Gas Pipes.
Paper gas pipes are made by passing
an endless strip of hemp paper, the width
of which equals the length of the tube,
through a belt of melted asphalt, and
then rolling it tightly and smoothly on a
core, to give the required diameter.
When the number of layers thus rolled
is sufficient to afford the desired thick-
ness, the tube is strongly compressed,
the outside sprinkled with fine sand, and
the whole cooled in water. When cold
the core is drawn out, and the inside
served with a waterproofing composition.
In addition to being absolutely tight and
smooth and much cheaper than iron,
these pipes have great strength; for when
the sides are scarcely three-fifths of an
inch thick they will withstand a pressure
of more than fifteen atmospheres. If buried
underground they will not be broken by
settlement, nor when violently shaken or
jarred. The material being a bad con-
ductor of heat, the pipes do not readily
freeze. —[Exchange.]
There is more heroism in daily acts of
self-denial and in obscure and unnoticed
ministering to the wants of others than in
world-emblazoned exploits of the battle-
field, and its wreaths of honor and recog-
nition will be fresh and green when the
granite monument of the warrior shall
have crumbled into dust. Heroes in
home life, in humble spheres and in un-
heralded paths will be more highly
exalted hereafter.

Peabody Town.
HOW THE GREAT AMERICAN PHILAN-
THROPIST'S LEGACY TO LONDON IS
ADMINISTERED.
The blocks of dwellings which we
have named Peabody Town comprise
144 single rooms, 372 double rooms,
325 three rooms, and five four rooms, or
a total of 1,883 rooms, which are divided
into 836 tenements. A single room, 15
feet by 12 feet, can be obtained for 3s
per week; for two rooms—a living room
and a bedroom—5s is charged; and the
rent for three rooms (two of these being
bedrooms) is 6s 3d per week. The single
rooms are occupied principally by
spinsters and widows. The other occu-
pants of single rooms are generally re-
cently married people, but this class, as
a rule, do not stay long in them, it being
an ambition with them to get possession
of two or more apartments. It goes al-
most without saying that the Superin-
tendent watches carefully the increase of
population, and when a family has been
so enlarged that the apartment or apart-
ments originally taken have become
overcrowded it must either move to a
larger tenement or quit the dwellings.
As no one is accepted as a tenant whose
character will not bear investigation, so
observation of the general conduct of the
tenants is an important part of the duty
of the Superintendent. Dirtiness and
drunkenness appear to be the capital
offenses. The latterly or disorderly
housewife or the dissipated husband are
treated at first to kindly hints as to the
desirability of reformation; but should
these prove without effect, out the of-
fenders must go. Generally, however,
an anxiety is manifested to attain to the
tone of the "town." One of the rules
runs: "No arrears of rent will be
allowed," but, as a matter of fact, in
cases of bona fide inability to pay
through want of work or sickness a con-
siderable degree of forbearance is exer-
cised. The ninth rule, "Dogs must not
be kept on the premises," seems un-
necessarily to deprive the poor man of
his "best friend." A complaint com-
monly made against the Peabody dwell-
ings is that they are closed at eleven
at night; but there is nothing in that
objection, for every tenant is provided
with a key which admits him at all
hours. But whatever may be the criti-
cisms to which the rules are open, they
evidently do not effect in the slightest
degree the occupation of the dwellings.
The Superintendent at Peabody Town has
now upon his books the names of be-
tween 200 and 300 people "awaiting a
chance to come in," and if he had con-
tinued to receive applications he might
have as many thousands as there are
hundreds of applicants. The opening of
these dwellings has had the effect of
emptying some of the ordinary houses
in the district, and landlords are beginning
to complain of the competition. As two
rooms in the old property cost from 6s to
7s per week, comment is unnecessary.
The population of Peabody Town is
now close upon 4,000 souls. The ma-
jority of the heads of families are labor-
ers, and the highest wage earned by
tenants is reported to be about 30s. The
current talk that well-to-do people man-
age to get into these dwellings is de-
clared by the managers to be absolutely
without foundation. For example, though
it is admitted they are often worse paid
than artisans, clerks of no kind are ad-
mitted. It is stated that some of the
families who lived in the rookeries which
stood upon the site of Peabody Town
are to be found within the dwellings,
which is an exception to the reports con-
cerning other enterprises of this kind.
But generally the Peabody managers
acknowledge that they have not provided
for the lowest level of the poor, as they
are not bound by their trust-deed to do
so. "We are to provide for the honest
laboring poor of London," they say,
"and we are providing for the honest
laboring poor of London."—[Pall Mall
Gazette.]
Every solitary kind action that is
done, the world over, is working briskly
in its own sphere to restore the balance
between right and wrong. Kindness
has converted more sinners than either
zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these
three never converted anyone unless
they were kind also. The continual
sense which a kind heart has of its own
need of kindness keeps it humble. Per-
haps an act of kindness never dies, but
extends the invisible undulations of its
influence over the centuries. —[F. W.
Fabre.]
Harper's Drawer says it has never
had so good a metaphor, complete in all
its parts, as the following, which is cut
from a recent article in a prominent reli-
gious newspaper. We feel sure that
the metaphor is all right, because the
author of it is a Doctor of Divinity:
"These seeds of pride are bursting with
flame which might lay the foundations of
a deluge that would with its fangs en-
venom my soul.
A secular paper states that a Roman
Catholic priest on Blackwell's Island,
has forbidden his coreligionists to accept
so much as an orange or an illustrated
paper from Protestant visitors. We can
see good reasons for tabooing many of
the illustrated papers, but he must think
more than we do of the salable qualities
of his people, if he supposes they can be
bought with an orange at twenty for a
quarter. —[Ex.]
The Boston City Mission Society re-
ceived over \$3,500 from Sabbath-schools
and individuals in response to its appeals
for funds to carry on its Thanksgiving
dinner charity. It enabled it to carry
cheer and gladness to about 900 families
numbering 4,000 persons.
Obey Jesus with cordial loyalty and
you will understand him. Not by study-
ing him, but by doing his will shall you
know how divine he is. —[Phillips
Brooks.]

Agnostic.
The term Agnostic has become very
common. It is to be met with in almost
any publication of the day. And yet
probably most people have a very indefi-
nite sense of its meaning. If they turn
to the dictionaries or encyclopedias, it is
not there; not even in the New Britani-
ca. We find the following history of the
origin of the term in a lecture by the
Bishop of Ontario, in the Dominion
Churchman:
In our early days the Agnostic was
called Atheist. The changed nomencla-
ture arose from the difficulty into which
the well-known infidel writer and lectur-
er, Mr. Holyoake, was put by contro-
versy. He at one time freely spoke of
himself as an Atheist, but this in the
dilemma he was placed: he having af-
firmed that there is no God in existence
it was necessary for him to show that he
himself had one of the attributes of a
God, omnipresence, in order to justify so
sweeping a negation; for unless he had
ransacked all space and was familiar
with all matters everywhere, it was pos-
sible that in the region beyond his per-
sonal observation there might be this
Being whose existence he denied. This
was pressed home by illustrations
and appeals to men's experience, and after
a while the term Atheist was dropped.
The infidel party then took the word
"Secularist," indicating one who is con-
cerned only with the things of this world.
This term failed to make headway
amongst speculative thinkers, who, to
avoid the Atheist difficulty, accepted the
title "Agnostic," to show that they
simply pronounced themselves without
knowledge of the existence of God. The
word Agnostic will die out. Negotiations
lead at their best a rickety life, they are
so inadequate to indicate a positive belief,
which is repulsive to our natural mental
instincts, for nature resists it being main-
tained in the mind of substituting another
belief when the Christian one is rejected.
It is not the man who does not know who
rules his fellows; such an one is a mere
intellectual and moral jelly-fish. The
powers which govern men are knowledge
and faith. Agnosticism is the philosophy
of ignorance of a wisdom by which man
is differentiated from the brutes. Such
a philosophy has in it no principle of life.
—[Selected.]
A Baby at the Mast-head.
Not long ago an English lady took
passage on a vessel bound from King-
ston, Jamaica, to London. A large,
strong and active monkey on board the
vessel took a fancy to the lady's child, a
babe about two months old. The
monkey would follow the lady from
place to place, watching her as she
rocked and fondled her little one. It so
happened on a beautiful afternoon during
the voyage that a distant sail attracted
the attention of the passengers. The
polite captain offered his glass to the
lady. She placed her child on the sofa,
and had just raised the glass to her eye,
when a cry was heard. Turning quick-
ly, she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the
monkey, which had grasped the infant
firmly with one arm and was nimbly
climbing the shrouds. The mother
fainted as the animal reached the top of
the mainmast. The captain was at his
wits' end. He feared, if he should send
a sailor in pursuit, the monkey would
drop the babe, and escape by leaping
from mast to mast. Meanwhile, the
monkey was seen to be soothing and
fondling the child. After trying in
many ways to lure the animal down, the
captain ordered the men below and con-
cealed himself on deck. In a mo-
ment, to his great joy, he saw the
monkey carefully descending. Reaching
the deck, it looked cautiously around,
advanced to the sofa, and placed the
child upon it. The captain restored the
child to its mother, who was soon satis-
fied that her darling had escaped with-
out injury. —[Exchange.]
There is found in the lower end of the
peninsula of Florida, an immense marsh,
or shallow lake, dotted with thousands of
little islands, which are covered with
dense thickets of palmettoes, cypress,
oaks, vines and shrubs. Alligators, bears
and pumas are known to infest the whole
region. The water of the marsh is from
one to six feet deep. Several species of
coarse, tall grasses grow there. It was
the haunt and strong fastness of the Se-
minole Indians during their long seven
years' war with the United States. It
has been temporary refuge, and probably,
in not a few instances, the burial-place of
runaway slaves. This region is known as
the Florida Everglades, and in extent is
about sixty miles square. Little is
known of it beyond what has here been
set forth; but it is believed that the com-
plete and thorough drainage of it, where-
by nearly two and a half million of acres
of rich and valuable lands may be re-
claimed, is an entirely practicable scheme.
A company has been organized for this
purpose. The plan is to open several
channels through the rocky rim of this
natural basin, and let out the waters of
this marshy region, and of Lake Okecho-
bee. It is to be hoped that the plan will
prove feasible, and be successfully car-
ried out. Such a success would be quite
certain to have a stimulating effect upon
the project of cutting a ship canal through
this peninsula, by which communication
between the Atlantic and the Gulf ports
would be very greatly facilitated. Mean-
time the New Orleans Times-Democrat
has sent out, at its own charges, an ex-
ploring expedition to these Everglades,
which undertook to pass from the Gulf to
the Atlantic. There is a report that the
tall "saw grass" was seen to be on fire
in the vicinity where they were, and
fears are entertained that they may all
have lost their lives in the flames. Tid-
ings from them will be awaited with an-
xiety.
Mrs. Browning said: "Whoever fears
God fears to sit at ease."

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Home Circle.

The Perils of the Playhouse.

BY DR. THEODORE CUYLER.

Young people often ask me the question "would it be right for me to go to the theater? If not, then why not?" Those who propound these questions are not of the dissipated and dissolute class, but clean young men and maidens—too clean to be smirched by a needless exposure to impure influences. That such questions are raised constantly are not surprising; for the playhouse is increasingly persistent in its demands on popular attention and patronage. It fills a constantly enlarging place in the daily journals. Theaters multiply more rapidly than churches in some of our great cities. Theater-going increases more than church-going. The dead walls are covered with flaunting pictorial representation of scenes and actors in full dress (or of no dress at all); and many of these are of such disgusting indecency that they deserve suppression by the public authorities. If the pictures be so shameless, what must the originals be?

Before our youthful inquirers become patrons of the playhouse it is but fair that they should know just what perils to their moral nature and to their welfare as immortal beings they are likely to encounter. The first peril is to purity of character. Your eyes and ears are windows and doors to the heart. What enters once never goes out. Photographs taken on the memory are not easily effaced or burned up; they stick there, and often become tempters and tormentors for a lifetime. "I'd give my right hand," said a Christian to me once, "if I could rub out the abominable things that I put into my mind when I was a fast young man." He could not do it; neither will you be able to efface the lascivious images or the impure words which the stage may photograph on your very soul. We do not affirm that every popular play is immoral, or that every performer is impure, or that every theater-goer is on the scent for sensual excitements. But the stage is to be estimated as a totality; and the whole trend of the average American stage is hostile to heart-purity. The exceptions do not alter the rule. Nor have honest attempts to bring the stage up to a high standard of moral purity been successful. The experiment once made in Boston of so managing a theater as to exclude every indecency from the stage and every notoriously improper person from the audience, ended in pecuniary failure. The Puritanic playhouse soon went into bankruptcy. The chief object of the manager is to make money; and if he can spice his evening's entertainment with a plot that turns on a seduction or a scene of sexual passion, or with a salacious exposure of physical beauty, the temptation is too strong to be very often resisted.

You must take the average stage as it is, and not as you would like to have it. It is an institution, which if you patronize, you become morally responsible for, as much as if you patronize a public library or a public drinking saloon. As an institution it habitually unsexes woman by parading her before a mixed audience in man's attire. Too often it exposes her in such a pitiable scantiness of any attire at all that if you saw your own sister in such plight you would turn away your eyes in horror. Yet you propose to pay your money (through the box-office) to somebody else's sisters and daughters to violate womanly delicacy for your entertainment. "If the daughter of Herodias dances to please you, then you are responsible for the dance, both in its influence on the dancer and on your own moral sense. There is no evading before God of your accountability for the theater, if you habitually support it. What its influence upon the average performer is appears from most abundant testimony. One of the most celebrated actresses of this time informed a friend of mine that she only enters a theater to enact her part, and has very little association with her own profession." A converted actor once said to me, while passing a playhouse in which he had often performed: "Behind those curtains lies Sodom." Although sorely pressed to return to his old business, he said that he would starve sooner than go on the stage again. Mrs. Francis Kemble Butler—the last living representative of the most famous histrionic family of modern times—has, in her old age, condemned the stage emphatically. As an institution, the American theater tolerates sensual impurity in its performers and presents scenes of impurity to its patrons. If you become one of its patrons you go into moral partnership with the theater.

(2) It would be a sufficient condemnation of the average playhouse if it stimulates one evil passion. But other temptations lurk about it. There are dangerous associations to be encountered there. It is a prevalent habit with young people who attend the theater to remain until a late hour amid the excitements of the plays, and then finish off with a midnight supper, or a wine drink at some neighboring restaurant. To this perilous practice a young lady of my acquaintance owed her downfall. Long after sensible people have laid their heads on their pillows, the habitues of the theater are apt to be adding a second scene of dissipation to the first one; and it must be pretty hard work for a Christian to finish up such an evening's experience with an honest prayer for God's blessing.

(3) Another peril of the theater arises from the fascination which it so often engenders. Like wine-drinking, it often becomes an appetite, and a very greedy appetite. To gratify this growing passion for the playhouse, tens of thousands of young people squander their money and their time most prodigally. Other and purer recreations become tame and insipid. Even the entertainments of the stage become dull

unless they are spiced with new excitements to the passions. Wholesale pleasures cease to please, just as a brandy-drinker ceases to be satisfied with cold water or a cup of coffee. It is not recreation, but stimulation, and a very dangerous sort of stimulation, too, that you will be after, when you become enslaved by the fascinations of the stage.

My young friends, be assured that no sagacious employer ever chooses a clerk, or accountant, or any other employee the sooner because he is a theater-goer. No sensible man is apt to select the companion of his heart and home because she is a frequenter of a playhouse. No good woman wants her sons and daughters there. No pastor expects that his youthful church-members can go often into that impure atmosphere without a terrible damage to their piety. I don't believe that the theater has ever helped many souls toward heaven. I know that it has sent thousands to perdition. Now that I have, in kind and candid plainness of speech, pointed out some of the inevitable perils of the playhouse, do you feel like taking the risk?—[Independent, Brooklyn, L. I.]

The Good Housekeeper.

Among the many qualifications indispensable to the good housekeeper stands pre-eminently that of a good cook; because that, more than all else, affects the health and spirits of the entire family. A growing family is no small responsibility, as every mother's heart will own, and in order that the children may become strong and robust their food should be as carefully selected and prepared as a doctor's prescription. It should be regularly served stated hours and placed on the table in an attractive form at all times, as outward appearances form no small part in the enjoyment of the meal. The viands served in each household are so various that no rules can or should be given, except that in all cases simple, wholesome food is far preferable and really more palatable than the indigestible dainties so often placed on the table. Therefore mothers should teach their daughters that great and truly beautiful accomplishment, the secret of being a cook.

Order and cleanliness may well come on the housekeeping list, for they also have no small part to play in the harmony of the family and the enjoyment of the household. Every cupboard, pantry and drawer should be subject to a frequent cleansing and straightening process, sufficient to keep them in perpetual order, otherwise, by a little neglect, the housekeeper will have her burdens doubled and her work sadly disarranged. Only by extreme care, where there is but one pair of hands at the helm, can the management of a household be sustained with comfort, allowing a few hours for rest and reading. In such a household everything should be done as simply as possible; no extra tucks on the pillow-shams or cases, fewer ruffles to fluff, tables painted to avoid scouring, etc. Ruffles, tucks and fancy work may look well, but not half as well as a happy, contented mother, whose face is not marked with lines of care and weariness. Little will the babies care how many tucks were in their tiny dresses when they become men and women. Better a thousand fold will be the sight of a bright mother's face than one wearied and fretful, grown cross and morose, or, it may be, gone forever, with quiet, folded hands resting at last.

Too many women who have been bright, merry maidens sink into dull, stupid, fault-finding wives and mothers. Why is it? Some may fancy because the duties are beyond their weak bodies. And so they are. Sometimes the husband is responsible in driving his business and work and paying no heed to his wife's help and conveniences; but in a larger number of cases the wife herself is really at fault. In nearly every household the work can be cut down and simplified; that is, can be if we overcome some of the old housewives' notions in regard to work. If they would only realize that a house can be kept, and neatly and prettily too, without such an immense load of quilts as required months and even years to accumulate. Cheap spreads that are easily washed, nice new comforts and blankets are far preferable—and what a gain for hours of reading, rest and improvement; and this is only one instance; there are many more.

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Paper gas pipes are made by passing an endless strip of hemp paper, the width of which equals the length of the tube, through a belt of melted asphalt, and then rolling it tightly and smoothly on a core, to give the required diameter. When the number of layers thus rolled is sufficient to afford the desired thickness, the tube is strongly compressed, the outside sprinkled with fine sand, and the whole cooled in water. When cold the core is drawn out, and the inside served with a waterproofing composition. In addition to being absolutely tight and smooth and much cheaper than iron, these pipes have great strength; for when the sides are scarcely three-fifths of an inch thick they will withstand a pressure of more than fifteen atmospheres. If buried underground they will not be broken by settlement, nor when violently shaken or jarred. The material being a bad conductor of heat, the pipes do not readily freeze.—[Exchange.]

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HOW THE GREAT AMERICAN PHILANTHROPIST'S LEGACY TO LONDON IS ADMINISTERED.

The blocks of dwellings which we have named Peabody Town comprise 144 single rooms, 3½ double rooms, 325 three rooms, and five four rooms, or a total of 1,883 rooms, which are divided into 836 tenements. A single room, 15 feet by 12 feet, can be obtained for 3s per week; for two rooms—a living room and a bedroom—5s is charged; and the rent for three rooms (two of these being bedrooms) is 6s 3d per week. The single rooms are occupied principally by spinners and widows. The other occupants of single rooms are generally recently married people, but this class, as a rule, do not stay long in them, it being an ambition with them to get possession of two or more apartments. It goes almost without saying that the Superintendent watches carefully the increase of population, and when a family has been so enlarged that the apartment or apartments originally taken have become overcrowded it must either move to a larger tenement or quit the dwellings. As no one is accepted as a tenant whose character will not bear investigation, so observation of the general conduct of the tenants is an important part of the duty of the Superintendent. Dirtiness and drunkenness appear to be the capital offenses. The slatternly or disorderly housewife or the dissipated husband are treated at first to kindly hints as to the desirability of reformation; but should these prove without effect, on the offenders must go. Generally, however, an anxiety is manifested to attain to the tone of the "town." One of the rules runs: "No arrears of rent will be allowed," but, as a matter of fact, in cases of bona fide inability to pay through want of work or sickness a considerate degree of forbearance is exercised. The ninth rule, "Dogs must not be kept on the premises," seems unnecessarily to deprive the poor man of his "best friend." A complaint commonly made against the Peabody dwellings is that they are closed at eleven at night; but there is nothing in that objection, for every tenant is provided with a key which admits him at all hours. But whatever may be the criticisms to which the rules are open, they evidently do not effect in the slightest degree the occupation of the dwellings. The Superintendent at Peabody Town has now upon his books the names of between 200 and 300 people "awaiting a chance to come in," and if he had continued to receive applications he might have as many thousands as there are hundreds of applicants. The opening of these dwellings has had the effect of emptying some of the ordinary houses in the district, and landlords are beginning to complain of the competition. As two rooms in the old property cost from 6s to 7s per week, comment is unnecessary.

The population of Peabody Town is now close upon 4,000 souls. The majority of the heads of families are laborers, and the highest wage earned by tenants is reported to be about 30s. The current talk that well-to-do people manage to get into these dwellings is declared by the managers to be absolutely without foundation. For example, though it is admitted they are often worse paid than artisans, clerks of no kind are admitted. It is stated that some of the families who lived in the rookeries which stood upon the site of Peabody Town are to be found within the dwellings, which is an exception to the reports concerning other enterprises of this kind. But generally the Peabody managers acknowledge that they have not provided for the lowest level of the poor, as they are not bound by their trust-deed to do so. "We are to provide for the honest laboring poor of London," they say, "and we are providing for the honest laboring poor of London."—[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Every solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and these three never converted anyone unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the centuries.—[F. W. Faber.]

Harper's Drawer says it has never had so good a metaphor, complete in all its parts, as the following, which is cut from a recent article in a prominent religious newspaper. We feel sure that the metaphor is all right, because the author of it is a Doctor of Divinity: "These seeds of pride are bursting with flame which might lay the foundations of a deluge that would with its fangs envenom our soul."

A secular paper states that a Roman Catholic priest on Blackwell's Island, has forbidden his congregationists to accept so much as an orange or an illustrated paper from Protestant visitors. We can see good reasons for taboing many of the illustrated papers, but he must think more than we do of the salable qualities of his people, if he supposes they can be bought with an orange at twenty for a quarter.—[Ex.]

The Boston City Mission Society received over \$3,500 from Sabbath-schools and individuals in response to its appeals for funds to carry on its Thanksgiving dinner charity. It enabled it to carry cheer and gladness to about 900 families numbering 4,000 persons.

Obey Jesus with cordial loyalty and you will understand him. Not by studying him, but by doing his will shall you know how divine he is.—[Phillips Brooks.]

Agnostic.

The term Agnostic has become very common. It is to be met with in almost any publication of the day. And yet probably most people have a very indefinite sense of its meaning. If they turn to the dictionaries or encyclopedias, it is not there; not even in the New Britannica. We find the following history of the origin of the term in a lecture by the Bishop of Ontario, in the *Dominion Churchman*:

In our early days the Agnostic was called Atheist. The changed nomenclature arose from the difficulty into which the well-known infidel writer and lecturer, Mr. Holyoake, was put by controversy. He at one time freely spoke of himself as an Atheist, but into this dilemma he was placed: he having affirmed that there is no God in existence it was necessary for him to show that he himself had one of the attributes of a God, omnipresence, in order to justify so sweeping a negation; for unless he had ransacked all space and was familiar with all matters everywhere, it was possible that in the region beyond his personal observation there might be this Being whose existence he denied. This was pressed home by illustrations and appeals to men's experience, and after a while the term Atheist was dropped. The infidel party then took the word "Secularist," indicating one who is concerned only with the things of this world. This term failed to make headway amongst speculative thinkers, who, to avoid the Atheist difficulty, accepted the title "Agnostic," to show that they simply pronounced themselves without knowledge of the existence of God. The word Agnostic will die out. Negations lead at their best a rickety life, they are so inadequate to indicate a positive belief, which is repulsive to our natural mental instincts, for nature resists it being maintained in the mind of substituting another belief when the Christian one is rejected. It is not the man who does not know who rules his fellows; such an one is a mere intellectual and moral jelly-fish. The powers which govern men are knowledge and faith. Agnosticism is the philosophy of ignorance of a wisdom by which man is differentiated from the brutes. Such a philosophy has in it no principle of life.—[Selected.]

A Baby at the Mast-head.

Not long ago an English lady took passage on a vessel bound from Kingston, Jamaica, to London. A large, strong and active monkey on board the vessel took a fancy to the lady's child, a babe about two months old. The monkey would follow the lady from place to place, watching her as she rocked and fondled her little one. It so happened on a beautiful afternoon during the voyage that a distant sail attracted the attention of the passengers. The polite captain offered his glass to the lady. She placed her child on the sofa, and had just raised the glass to her eye, when a cry was heard. Turning quickly, she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm and was nimbly climbing the shrouds. The mother fainting as the animal reached the top of the mainmast. The captain was at his wits' end. He feared, if he should send a sailor in pursuit, the monkey would drop the babe, and escape by leaping from mast to mast. Meanwhile, the monkey was seen to be soothing and fondling the child. After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the captain ordered the men below and concealed himself on deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck, it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa, and placed the child upon it. The captain restored the child to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped without injury.—[Exchange.]

There is found in the lower end of the peninsula of Florida, an immense marsh, or shallow lake, dotted with thousands of little islands, which are covered with dense thickets of palmettoes, cypress, oaks, vines and shrubs. Alligators, bears and pumas are known to infest the whole region. The water of the marsh is from one to six feet deep. Several species of coarse, tall grasses grow there. It was the haunt and strong fastness of the Seminole Indians during their long seven years' war with the United States. It has been temporary refuge, and probably, in not a few instances, the burial-place of runaway slaves. This region is known as the Florida Everglades, and in extent is about sixty miles square. Little is known of it beyond what has been set forth; but it is believed that the complete and thorough drainage of it, whereby nearly two and a half million of acres of rich and valuable lands may be reclaimed, is an entirely practicable scheme. A company has been organized for this purpose. The plan is to open several channels through the rocky rim of this natural basin, and let out the waters of this marshy region, and of Lake Okechobee. It is to be hoped that the plan will prove feasible, and be successfully carried out. Such a success would be quite certain to have a stimulating effect upon the project of cutting a ship canal through this peninsula, by which communication between the Atlantic and the Gulf ports would be very greatly facilitated. Meantime the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* has sent out, at its own charges, an exploring expedition to these Everglades, which undertook to pass from the Gulf to the Atlantic. There is a report that the tall "saw grass" was seen to be on fire in the vicinity where they were, and fears are entertained that they may all have lost their lives in the flames. Tidings from them will be awaited with anxiety.

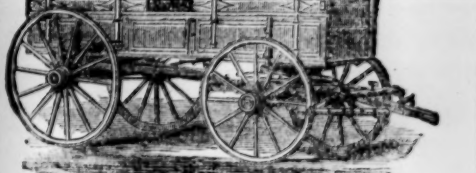
Mrs. Browning said: "Whoever fears God fears to sit at ease."

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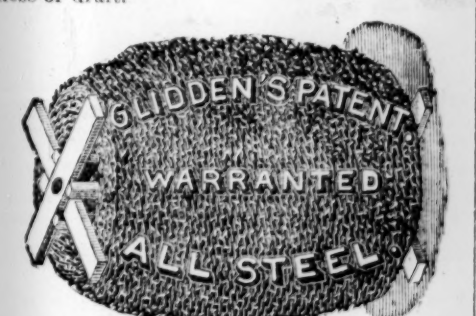
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Home Circle.

The Perils of the Playhouse.

BY DR. THEODORE CUYLER.

Young people often ask me the question "would it be right for me to go to the theater? If not, then why not?" Those who propound these questions are not of the dissipated and dissolute class, but clean young men and maidens—too clean to be smirched by a needless exposure to impure influences. That such questions are raised constantly are not surprising; for the playhouse is increasingly persistent in its demands on popular attention and patronage. It fills a constantly enlarging place in the daily journals. Theaters multiply more rapidly than churches in some of our great cities. Theater-going increases more than church-going. The dead walls are covered with haunting pictorial representation of scenes and actors in full dress (or of no dress at all); and many of these are of such disgusting indecency that they deserve suppression by the public authorities. If the pictures be so shameful, what must the originals be?

Before our youthful inquirers become patrons of the playhouse it is but fair that they should know just what perils to their moral nature and to their welfare as immortal beings they are likely to encounter. The first peril is to purity of character. Your eyes and ears are windows and doors to the heart. What enters once never goes out. Photographs taken on the memory are not easily effaced or burned up; they stick there, and often become temptations and fountains for a lifetime. "I'd give my right hand," said a Christian to me once, "if I could rub out the abominable things that I put into my mind when I was a fast young man." He could not do it; neither will you be able to efface the lascivious images or the impure words which the stage may photograph on your very soul. We do not affirm that every popular play is immoral, or that every performer is impure, or that every theater-goer is on the scent for sensual excitements. But the stage is to be estimated as a totality; and the whole trend of the average American stage is hostile to heart-purity. The exceptions do not alter the rule. Nor have honest attempts to bring the stage up to a high standard of moral purity been successful. The experiment made in Boston of so managing a theater as to exclude every delicacy from the stage and every notorious improper person from the audience, ended in pecuniary failure. The Puritan play-house went into bankruptcy. The chief object of the manager is to make money; and if he can spice his evening's entertainment with a plot that turns on a seduction or a scene of sexual passion, or with a salacious exposure of physical beauty, the temptation is too strong to be very often resisted.

You must take the average stage as it is, and not as you would like to have it. It is an institution, which if you patronize, you become morally responsible for, as much as if you patronize a public library or a public drinking saloon. As an institution it habitually unsexes woman by parading her before a mixed audience in man's attire. Too often it exposes her in such a pitiable scantiness of any attire at all that if you saw your own sister in such plight you would turn away your eyes in horror. Let you propose to pay your money (through the box-office) to somebody else's sisters and daughters to violate womanly delicacy for your entertainment. "If the daughter of Herodias dances to please you, then you are responsible for the dance, both in its influence on the dancer and on your own moral sense. There is no evading before God of your accountability for the theater, if you habitually support it. What its influence upon the average performer is appears from most abundant testimony. One of the most celebrated actresses of this time informed a friend of mine that she only enters a theater to enact her part, and has very little association with her own profession." A converted actor once said to me, while passing a playhouse in which he had often performed: "Behind these curtains lies Sodom." Although sorely pressed to return to his old business, he said that he would starve sooner than go on the stage again. Mrs. Francis Kemble Butler—the last living representative of the most famous histrionic family of modern times—has, in her old age, condemned the stage emphatically. As an institution, the American theater tolerates sensual impurity in its performers and presents scenes of impurity to its patrons. If you become one of its patrons you go into moral partnership with the theater.

(2) It would be a sufficient condemnation of the average play-house if it stimulates one evil passion. But other temptations lurk about it. There are dangerous associations to be encountered there. It is a prevalent habit with young people who attend the theater to remain until a late hour amid the excitements of the plays, and then finish off with a midnight supper, or a wine drink at some neighboring restaurant. To this perilous practice a young lady of my acquaintance owed her downfall. Long after sensible people have laid their heads on their pillows, the habits of the theater are apt to be adding a second scene of dissipation to the first one; and it must be pretty hard work for a Christian to finish up such an evening's experience with an honest prayer for God's blessing.

(3) Another peril of the theater arises from the fascination which it exerts on engenders. Like wine-drinking, it often becomes an appetite, and a very greedy appetite. To gratify this growing passion for the play-house, tens of thousands of young people squander their money and their time most profusely. Other and purer recreations become tame and insipid. Even the entertainments of the stage become dull

unless they are spiced with new excitements to the passions. Wholesale pleasures cease to please, just as a brandy-drinker ceases to be satisfied with cold water or a cup of coffee. It is not recreation, but stimulation, and a very dangerous sort of stimulation, too, that you will be after, when you become enslaved by the fascinations of the stage.

My young friends, be assured that no sagacious employer ever chooses a clerk, or accountant, or any other employee the sooner because he is a theater-goer. No sensible man is apt to select the companion of his heart and home because she is a frequenter of a play-house. No good woman wants her sons and daughters there. No pastor expects that his youthful church-members can go often into that impure atmosphere without a terrible damage to their piety. I don't believe that the theater has ever helped many souls toward heaven. I know that it has sent thousands to perdition. Now that I have, in kind and candid plainness of speech, pointed out some of the inevitable perils of the play-house, do you feel like taking the risk?—[Independent, Brooklyn, L. I.]

The Good Housekeeper.

Among the many qualifications indispensable to the good housekeeper stands pre-eminent that of a good cook; because that, more than all else, affects the health and spirits of the entire family. A growing family is no small responsibility, as every mother's heart will own, and in order that the children may become strong and robust their food should be as carefully selected and prepared as a doctor's prescription. It should be regularly served, stated hours and placed on the table in an attractive form at all times, as outward appearances form no small part in the enjoyment of the meal. The viands served in each household are so various that no rules can or should be given, except that in all cases simple, wholesome food is far preferable and really more palatable than the indigestible dainties so often placed on the table. Therefore mothers should teach their daughters that great and truly beautiful accomplishment, the secret of being a cook.

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HOW THE GREAT AMERICAN PHILANTHROPIST'S LEGACY TO LONDON IS ADMINISTERED.

The blocks of dwellings which we have named Peabody Town comprise 144 single rooms, 372 double rooms, 325 three rooms, and five four rooms, or a total of 1,883 rooms, which are divided into 836 tenements. A single room, 15 feet by 12 feet, can be obtained for 3s per week; for two rooms—a living room and a bedroom—5s is charged; and the rent for three rooms (two of these being bedrooms) is 6s 3d per week. The single rooms are occupied principally by spinsters and widows. The other occupants of single rooms are generally recently married people, but this class, as a rule, do not stay long in them, it being an ambition with them to get possession of two or more apartments. It goes almost without saying that the Superintendent watches carefully the increase of population, and when a family has been so enlarged that the apartment or apartments originally taken have become overcrowded it must either move to a larger tenement or quit the dwellings.

As no one is accepted as a tenant whose character will not bear investigation, so observation of the general conduct of the tenants is an important part of the duty of the Superintendent. Dirtiness and drunkenness appear to be the capital offenses. The latterly or disorderly housewife or the dissipated husband are treated at first to kindly hints as to the desirability of reformation; but should these prove without effect, out the offenders must go. Generally, however, an anxiety is manifested to attain to the tone of the town. One of the rules runs: "No arrears of rent will be allowed," but, as a matter of fact, in cases of bona fide inability to pay through want of work or sickness a considerable degree of forbearance is exercised. The ninth rule, "Dogs must not be kept on the premises," seems unnecessarily to deprive the poor man of his "best friend." A complaint commonly made against the Peabody dwellings is that they are closed at eleven at night; but there is nothing in that objection, for every tenant is provided with a key which admits him at all hours. But whatever may be the criticisms to which the rules are open, they evidently do not effect in the slightest degree the occupation of the dwellings. The Superintendent at Peabody Town has now upon his books the names of between 200 and 300 people "awaiting a chance to come in," and if he had continued to receive applications he might have as many thousands as there are hundreds of applicants. The opening of these dwellings has had the effect of emptying some of the ordinary houses in the district, and landlords are beginning to complain of the competition. As two rooms in the old property cost from 6s to 7s per week, comment is unnecessary.

The population of Peabody Town is now close upon 4,000 souls. The majority of the heads of families are laborers, and the highest wage earned by tenants is reported to be about 30s. The current talk that well-to-do people manage to get into these dwellings is declared by the managers to be absolutely without foundation. For example, though it is admitted they are often worse paid than artisans, clerks of no kind are admitted. It is stated that some of the families who lived in the rookeries which stood upon the site of Peabody Town are to be found within the dwellings, which is an exception to the reports concerning other enterprises of this kind. But generally the Peabody managers acknowledge that they have not provided for the lowest level of the poor, as they are not bound by their trust-deed to do so. "We are to provide for the honest laboring poor of London," they say, "and we are providing for the honest laboring poor of London." —[Pall Mall Gazette.]

Every solitary kind action that is done, the world over, is working briskly in its own sphere to restore the balance between right and wrong. Kindness has converted more sinners than either zeal, eloquence, or learning; and those three never converted anyone unless they were kind also. The continual sense which a kind heart has of its own need of kindness keeps it humble. Perhaps an act of kindness never dies, but extends the invisible undulations of its influence over the centuries. —[F. W. Faber.]

Harper's Drawer says it has never had so good a metaphor, complete in all its parts, as the following, which is cut from a recent article in a prominent religious newspaper. We feel sure that the metaphor is all right, because the author of it is a Doctor of Divinity: "These seeds of pride are bursting with flame which might lay the foundations of a deluge that would with its fangs envenom our soul."

A secular paper states that a Roman Catholic priest on Blackwell's Island, has forbidden his coreligionists to accept so much as an orange or an illustrated paper from Protestant visitors. We can see good reasons for tabooring many of the illustrated papers, but he must think more than we do of the salable qualities of his people, if he supposes they can be bought with an orange at twenty for a quarter. —[Ex.]

The Boston City Mission Society received over \$3,500 from Sabbath-schools and individuals in response to its appeals for funds to carry on its Thanksgiving dinner charity. It enabled it to carry cheer and gladness to about 900 families numbering 4,000 persons.

Obedience Jesus with cordial loyalty and you will understand him. Not by studying him, but by doing his will shall you know how divine he is. —[Phillips Brooks.]

Agnostic.

The term Agnostic has become very common. It is to be met with in almost any publication of the day. And yet probably most people have a very indefinite sense of its meaning. If they turn to the dictionaries or encyclopedias, it is not there; not even in the New Britannica. We find the following history of the origin of the term in a lecture by the Bishop of Ontario, in the *Dominion Churchman*:

In our early days the Agnostic was called Atheist. The changed nomenclature arose from the difficulty into which the well-known infidel writer and lecturer, Mr. Holyoake, was put by controversy. He at one time freely spoke of himself as an "Atheist," but into this dilemma he was placed by having affirmed that there is no God in existence it was necessary for him to show that he himself had one of the attributes of a God, omnipresence, in order to justify so sweeping a negation; for unless he had ransacked all space and was familiar with all matters everywhere, it was possible that in the region beyond his personal observation there might be this Being whose existence he denied. This was pressed home by illustrations and appeals to men's experience, and after a while the term "Atheist" was dropped. The infidel party then took the word "Scepticist," indicating one who is concerned only with the things of this world. This term failed to make headway amongst speculative thinkers, who, to avoid the Atheist difficulty, accepted the title "Agnostic," to show that they simply pronounced themselves without knowledge of the existence of God. The word Agnostic will die out. Negations lead to their best a rickety life, they are so inadequate to indicate a positive belief, which is repulsive to our natural mental instincts, for nature resists it being maintained in the mind of substituting another belief when the Christian one is rejected. It is not the man who does not know who rules his fellows; such an one is a mere intellectual and mortal jelly-fish. The powers which govern men are knowledge and faith. Agnosticism is the philosophy of ignorance of a wisdom by which man is differentiated from the brutes. Such a philosophy has in it no principle of life. —[Selected.]

A Baby at the Mast head.

Not long ago an English lady took passage on a vessel bound from Kingston, Jamaica, to London. A large, strong and active monkey on board the vessel took a fancy to the lady's child, a babe about two months old. The monkey would follow the lady from place to place, watching her as she rocked and fondled her little one. It so happened on a beautiful afternoon during the voyage that a distant sail attracted the attention of the passengers. The polite captain offered his glass to the lady. She placed her child on the sofa, and had just raised the glass to her eye, when a cry was heard. Turning quickly, she beheld a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, which had grasped the infant firmly with one arm and was nimbly climbing the shrouds. The mother faintly as the animal reached the top of the mainmast. The captain was at his wife's end. He feared, if he should send a sailor in pursuit of the monkey, the monkey would drop the babe, and escape by leaping from mast to mast. Meanwhile, the monkey was seen to be soothing and fondling the child. After trying in many ways to lure the animal down, the captain ordered the men below and concealed himself on deck. In a moment, to his great joy, he saw the monkey carefully descending. Reaching the deck, it looked cautiously around, advanced to the sofa, and placed the child upon it. The captain restored the child to its mother, who was soon satisfied that her darling had escaped without injury. —[Exchange.]

There is found in the lower end of the peninsula of Florida, an immense marsh, or shall we lake, dotted with thousands of little islands, which are covered with dense thickets of palmettos, cypress, oaks, vines and shrubs. Alligators, bears and panthers are known to infest the whole region. The water of the marsh is from one to six feet deep. Several species of coarse, tall grasses grow there. It was the haunt and strong fastness of the Seminole Indians during their long seven years' war with the United States. It has been temporary refuge, and probably, in not a few instances, the burial-place of runaway slaves. This region is known as the Florida Everglades, and in extent is about sixty miles square. Little is known of it beyond what has here been set forth; but it is believed that the complete and thorough drainage of it, whereby nearly two and a half million of acres of rich and valuable lands may be reclaimed, is an entirely practicable scheme. A company has been organized for this purpose. The plan is to open several channels through the rocky rim of this marshy region, and of Lake Okechobee. It is to be hoped that the plan will prove feasible, and be successfully carried out. Such a success would be quite certain to have a stimulating effect upon the project of cutting a ship canal through this peninsula, by which communication between the Atlantic and the Gulf ports would be very greatly facilitated. Meantime the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* has sent out, at its own charges, an exploring expedition to these Everglades, which undertook to pass from the Gulf to the Atlantic. There is a report that the tall "saw grass" was seen to be on fire in the vicinity where they were, and fears are entertained that they may all have lost their lives in the flames. Tidings from them will be awaited with anxiety.

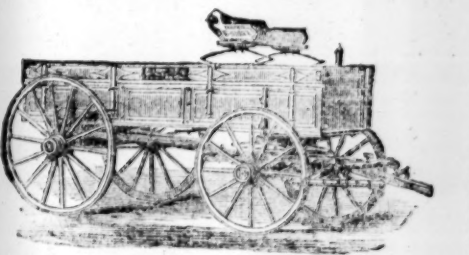
Mrs. Browning said: "Whoever fears God fears to sit at ease."

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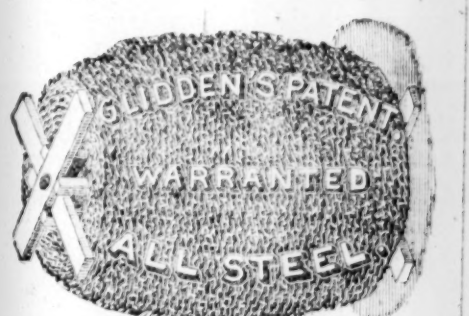
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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Wednesday, Jan. 2, 1884.

TAKE NOTICE—LIBERAL OFFER.—Any person sending us \$7.50, with three new names, shall receive four copies of THE PACIFIC for one year. THE PACIFIC is not published to make money or pay salaries, but solely to help on our Master's work. If you are not a subscriber, send your address, and pay \$2.50 at any time within three months. It will pay you and yours well.

Our Supplement.

With this issue we give our readers a large amount of valuable and interesting reading furnished by Forefathers' Day supplement. We have also printed additional copies of the supplement to supply those who may wish an extra supply at five cents a copy.

Before we quite lose sight of the vanished year 1883, it is fitting that we give it a brief notice and a parting salutation. In our country the year has been a good and prosperous one, without being a very grand one. Abroad it has been a better year than was its immediate predecessor, but still a year of alarms and disquiet becoming, however, less and less serious. No year is without its special significance in some quarter of the world; nor without its specious forms of promise, never fulfilled. But, happily, no year comes to a land, or a home, altogether empty-handed. God's bounties are so many, that shares go all around the globe, and then plenty are left for all such as have been specially prepared for the receiving of them, in unwonted forms and measures. Our own beautiful State has welcomed more visitors, received more immigrants, made finer impressions, produced more values, and made more progress, than in any previous year for a long time. Another great highway to our Coast has made glad the region north of us, whose people we congratulate. Nothing that really helps them can harm us. The States of this great Pacific empire must act as a unit in order to secure their well-being and success. Separate interests and divided counsels can bring nothing but harm in the end. For the good prospect in this regard we may be grateful to the year which has expired. THE PACIFIC has gone its way and done its work with no little satisfaction to itself, during the year, and has witnessed a genuine enlargement and vigorous advance among the churches it serves. And so with hearty good-will it can say to the "Old Year," Adieu!

With this number, THE PACIFIC begins a new volume, its 33d. And it prefaces all the beginnings of the year, with a "Happy New Year" for all its readers. It enters on the new year without fear, but not without "favor or affection." It has become used to this sort of thing, and rather likes it, going out at one door and coming in at another, through the life-time of a generation. It may not feel all the emotions which formerly stirred its whole nature, but it keeps its grit in its teeth, and its grip on its will, and puts an ever fresh spirit into all its good resolutions. It dislikes humdrum in itself as much as it does in human conduct. It wouldn't like to have some chestnut-burs thrown at it to keep it on the alert. (Standard dollars might do just as well.) It would like to have giant strides into the office and command it to vacate, if it did not show improvements every month. It would like to have the power to see itself as others see it. Then it would like to have the power to compel those "others" to make it just what they would like to see it. There is little use in telling what we are going to do. A few of us at least have been doing already all we are going to do. We have done our best, in the circumstances, and that is all we are called on for. We have deserved success—and have had it. But it has been relatively small. Yet it has been good; so good that we want more of it. Please give it, ye who have it to give; not for our sake, but for your own. Not the editors alone, but managers, printers, advertisers, contributors, subscribers and readers make a newspaper. Given these in plenty, ability and generosity, and the paper will almost edit itself. So, we promise nothing new, but a new year's endeavor. And we are safe in saying, of THE PACIFIC that "there'll be millions in it" just as soon as the public shall have put thousands enough into it—in advertisements, contributions, subscriptions and conscience money. N. B. "News," "Articles," and "Currency" wanted every day at this office, in exchange, during the year 1884.

This number of the paper ought not to go to press without a brief mention of those two men whom the year has buried, who were once full of life, energy,

and enthusiasm for THE PACIFIC; and who wrought themselves into it, and so gave it a pungent force and an immense vitality. The Rev. J. W. Douglas, who came hither as one of the first Home Missionaries, very early in 1849, was the proprietor and editor of THE PACIFIC during the first four years, eventful years, of its existence. He died last summer, at the East, at the age of sixty-five. The Rev. S. V. Blakeslee, who came hither across the plains, in Sept. 1849, was for many years, prior to 1878, an associate editor and solicitor, becoming widely known all up and down the Coast. He died in the autumn, at the age of sixty-five, and the turf is still fresh upon his grave. While we mourn the departure of such men, we are grateful for their lives and deeds, a while continued, and for the assurance that their "record is on high."

The week of prayer, as now observed, will not technically begin till next Sunday. This is not the best possible announcement. The week of prayer should begin with the second day of January, however the Sundays may happen to come; and we hope the churches will so begin it the present year—in order that the four freshest and best days of the year may not be lost out of the cumulative forces of the week. It is good for individuals, and for churches, to begin the year with God, and with such a drawing nigh to God that God will draw near them, to them in ways of grace, light, and wisdom, never known before, or but imperfectly known before. Somehow, we have need that God should startle and astonish us, and he will do it, kindly, and in a joyous way, if we will draw near enough to him to render it practicable.

Several years ago D. O. Mills, Esq., one of our State's worthy pioneers, while in Europe, purchased of the sculptor, Larkin G. Mead, a statue group of Columbus before Isabella. When it arrived in this country, the circumstances were not propitious for the presentation; so the group remained in the Custom House, unpacked, until the summer of 1883. While in this State a few months ago, Mr. Mills had the group, weighing several tons, sent to Sacramento and unpacked. All was fresh and in good order, as he saw for himself. A massive granite base was ordered for the statue, at a certain point under the dome of the State House. This has just been put in place, and the whole donated to the State. The ceremony of presentation and reception occurred at Sacramento on the 22d of Dec., Col. Edgar Mills acting in behalf of his brother, D. O. Mills; and Gov. Stoneman acting in behalf of the State. The group is a striking one and the marble fine. The main figures are about eight feet high, and handsomely designed and chiseled. The base is about two feet in height and well proportioned. The cost in money has been about \$35,000; and the cost in labor and pains and time and thought, and travel and care, we know not how much. We are glad to record the fact of such a gift, and the munificence of the giver. Away on this remote shore, which Columbus never saw a statue of him stands, as fine as any that exists in America. And here successive generations of the children of our pioneers will look in admiration at the form of him who pioneered the way to the New World, when few could ever believe in the existence of it.

We received, a few days ago, one of the best "reports" of the season, and gotten up in the most superb style—the report of the Jackson-street Kindergarten, in this city. As is well known here, there are some enthusiastic ladies among us engaged in the kindergarten work, whose faith, energy, and enterprise, are boundless. At length they are having a measure of reward, in success and growth, which they have had to struggle for, in the teeth of a good deal of faithlessness and obduracy. They do not despair of lifting the general estimate of the kindergarten system to a level with their own. Certainly they have shown, that, for young children, at least, this system is better than any other; and they may yet do more. We trust there are hundreds of other liberal men and women who will come forward to aid this system, in all our larger towns and cities.

At the recent quarter-millennial celebration of the First church, Hartford, Conn., the Rev. Dr. Burton, of that city, said, in his remarks, "Neither a man nor a church amounts to anything without a self-consciousness that has a boom in it." Now, the "sterling old PACIFIC" has that sort of a consciousness. And the paper wants the new men of the State, the younger men of the churches, to aid in the keeping up of that sort of a consciousness, by having it themselves, and then working it into the life of THE PACIFIC. By pen and pencil, word and deed, commendation and solicitation the

conductors pray that all will do their best to put anew into THE PACIFIC a "consciousness with a boom in it."

The Millennium.

"The shepherd on Tarnaro's lofty brow,
And the swart seamen sailing far below,
Not undelighted watch the morning ray
Purpling the Orient, till it breaks away,
And burns and brightens into perfect day."

Human expectation looks thus eagerly forward to the dawn of that day of a thousand years, when earth and heaven shall meet. All shall then be peace and quietness, and blessed assurance forever. The people shall be all righteous, and the golden rule of Christianity be the law of nations. One mighty world-encircling wave of Salvation, in its tidal flow, shall bring to the foot of Messiah's throne, the fullness of the Gentiles and the glory of His people Israel. The beautiful gate of Paradise that stood ajar beside the gate of Death, in the crucifixion scene, that one dying sinner might enter with the precious Saviour, shall open wide to let the ransomed nations in, while the commingling voices of earth's babbling millions, like the sound of many waters, shall shout, "Alleluia! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." Then shall the fetters of the bondage of corruption fall off, the weary travail and deep groaning of all creation be taken away, and man shall be himself again.

"Then shall his reason's eye be strong and clear,
And as the eagle can behold the sun,
He may behold his Maker's face as near,
As the intellectual angels could have done."

The holy city in heavenly beauty and glorious adornings shall come down out of heaven from God, and become the centre and seat of the Divine government in the midst of a renovated world. And then, to use the language of the sainted Wesley, "Love shall be so free from dissimulation that could a window be opened into each breast, nothing but the pure love of God and man would be seen there. Animal life would rejoice. The whole brute creation would feel the renovation as they felt the fall; and be as they once were in the garden of God. The vanity and the idols be abolished. The face of the earth be renewed, and the corruptible body glorified. Then shall man and beast put their trust under the shadow of God's wings." Then shall the Devourer be rebuked, and destruction come to a perpetual end; but the Lord's dominion shall be everlasting, and of His kingdom, power and glory there shall be no end.—[R. Duff.]

The Zwingle Centennial.

It will be difficult to awaken the same universal interest in the celebration of the 400th anniversary of Ulrich Zwingle's birth as has been manifested in the commemoration of Luther's. Yet Zwingle was hardly less notable than the great German Reformer. He was born Jan. 1, 1484, not of peasant parents, for his father was the chief magistrate of the little town in Switzerland which claims his birth. He was an eager scholar and had the best advantages. He made marked attainments in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. His mind became early awake to the unfounded pretensions of Rome. It is claimed that in 1516, one year before the usual date of the Reformation, he preached to throngs of visitors at Einsiedeln the all-sufficiency of Christ as a Saviour. In 1518 he stopped Samson in his peddling of indulgences as effectually as Luther did Tetzel. In 1519, transferred to the Cathedral Church of Zurich, he expounded the Scriptures with boldness and great eloquence. By his masterly refutations of papal pretensions he carried that canton for the Reformed cause in 1524. He came into collision with Luther about that time on the doctrine of the Lord's presence in the Supper—Zwingle held a spiritual, Luther a bodily presence of Christ in the bread and wine. The Swiss Reformer was a patriot. He went forth as a chaplain with the troops to battle with the Catholic party in 1531. The battle at Cappel was disastrous, and Zwingle received his mortal wound and died on the field. He died at the early age of forty-six, while Luther died seventeen years later. Luther was followed among the Germans by no name so eminent as his own. But Zwingle's work was taken up by John Calvin, a man of colossal gifts. As we look back and gather up the memories of the men who began the great Protestant centuries, we may well wonder at the largeness of the pattern according to which these reformers were made. This thing was not done in a corner, neither were the men who did it unlearned. They were the peers of any of their contemporaries in genius, in learning, in eloquence, in personal influence. It becomes us to build the monuments of such. Only let not the reproach of those who build monuments of fathers whose virtues have been lost, be cast at us.

The disposition of Presbyterian ministers of the Middle and Western States to accept pastorate of Congregational churches in New England, as well as the disposition of those churches to look to that source for supply, has been somewhat noticeable of late. But there is also some tendency to give it up for lost. Thus Dr. Chamberlain, of Norwich, Ct., was called to a Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, and now the former church has made reprisals by calling Dr. Willard, of the First Presbyterian church, Syracuse.

Make a New Start.

The experiment of individual human life repeats itself with every day and every year. Our personal progress is arrested with the sunset of each day, with the last sands of each year, and we begin again with the light of the fresh morning, with the birth of the New Year. This pause and renewal of our course have an intense practical meaning, which we ought to discern and lay to heart. Especially as the months of the passing year elapse, and we bid adieu to its story before opening a fresh chapter in our biography, we are called upon emphatically, by this arrangement of time, to pause in our progress, to review the past, to learn its errors, to gather up its lessons, and recommence the ventures of a probationary being. So the charms of a New Year's day, of themselves, summon us to start anew on our earthly pilgrimage. The year has returned upon its course. It is January, the first month again. All its months are to be lived over again, and they all lie before us, that we may make of them what we will. So that this is the time and the opportunity to leave behind us all that has gone by, and to start out, if we please, upon new issues and fresh achievements.

Have we been disappointed in ourselves as these months have fled? Have we been less stable and firm in our good resolutions than we meant, less enduring in hours of trial, less patient under losses and afflictions, and less persevering in all noble endeavors—have we come short in all this record? We cannot recall this past, but we can test ourselves once more in the manifold varieties of an earthly experience, and win perhaps a better record. Have the purpose and plans that have tasked our energies proved themselves unworthy of such devotion, a misuse of our powers and our opportunities—we can renounce them here, and lift up the light and promise of a better scheme of life.

Have we yielded to the indulgence of unworthy tempers, jealous of our rivals, envious of those standing higher than we, angry towards those who dispute our claims, and in the petty discussions of familiar intercourse quick and passionate of speech and gesture—we can see in this pause the evil of such a disposition, and put a wholesome restraint upon it, as we bring it to a fresh testing.

What has hindered our happiness and our usefulness in the days gone by? Can we discern these stumbling blocks in the way we have traversed? Then we need not go blindly forward and encounter these obstacles again, but take our way more wisely and carefully about them, and shun the collision.

Have we spent our strength in vain, upon issues greatly beyond the range of our powers, and so thrown away the capital of our enthusiasm and our energy, we may avoid such ill-judged and fruitless attempts in our new experience, and try some more productive outlay.

Principles of action, that we have tested and found sound and worthy, may receive the endorsement of our fresh homage and loyalty; while those, whose record is stained and dishonored, may be discarded, as we yield to the dominion of better forces.

Have we come, as we look back, under the power of some evil habit, has this steady chain of habitual indulgence in wrong gathered upon our limbs—this is the time and place to shatter these links, and to go forth in new freedom, and in safer and wiser practice.

In the special and more private fellowships of life, what has been the customary aspect of our personal story? What can our most intimate associates say of us, in the relations in which we sustain to them? What do they say of us? Can we not, in the light of the new dawning, clear up the glances of a sullen face, sweeten bitter lips with a loving smile, soften harsh accents into tones of affectionate sympathy, and make ourselves, in all such intercourse, as welcome as light, or music, or the fragrance of flowers?

Come, brother and friend, we can start once again. We can choose a better and safer path. We can gird ourselves with fresh energy. This is why the year renews itself to our inheritance, that we may make a new start on our life-journey; and tread our upward way towards the final and happy goal.

A. L. S.

The death of Dr. John O. Means, one of the Secretaries of the American Board, removes a choice man, not from that important post only, but from a wide and important circle of influence in our churches. He was scholarly, refined in his tastes, and gentlemanly in the highest sense of that word. His spirit as a Christian was sweet, pure and chastened. He did a noble service in behalf of the planting of the West Central African Mission. The place he leaves vacant needs to be supplied at once, for the responsibilities of the Secretaryship are very taxing. Already the health of Dr. Clark has been seriously menaced. Indeed, it is said that on account of the great mass of labor thrown upon Dr. Means during the absence of the two Secretaries last summer, his own crisis was hastened. We note that the Presbyterian Board has added a fourth Secretary, making choice of N. Arthur Mitchell, of Cleveland. It is to be hoped that our own Board will find one, if not more than one, who seems as well fitted as he, to assume the duties of a position which requires a rare combination of gifts.

The manuscript for the Woman's Board column was mailed to THE PACIFIC Dec. 28th, and reached our office Jan. 2d, just before we should go to press.

The Sacramento daily Record-Union for Jan. 1st is a sixteen-page sheet. It is a credit to the Union office and to the capital of the great State of California.

Religious Intelligence.

Pacific Coast.

Rev. Mr. Ward, of Maine, filled the pulpit at Petaluma last Sunday.

At the meeting of the Club, last Monday, Rev. W. C. Pond presented the topic "Definite Plans for the Week of Prayer."

Rev. W. T. Furman, of Petaluma, preached at the Fourth church, in this city, and Rev. Herbert Macy preached at Sacramento.

The Sabbath-schools in connection with the Alameda church had an interesting Christmas entertainment and supper last Friday night.

The Second Congregational church of San Bernardino, is a loser of fifty dollars cash, by the burglary of G. A. Cook's store at Lugonia on the 15th inst.

The Second Congregational church of San Bernardino by a very gratifying vote, on the 23d inst., invited Rev. J. G. Hale to continue their pastor for another year.

Last Sabbath afternoon Rev. Dr. Barrows was present at the Sunday-school concert of the Central M. E. church, and delivered an excellent address.

Number three of *The Reflector*, published by the Y. M. C. A. of Los Angeles, has been received. It worthily succeeds its predecessors, and will doubtless do good in its benevolent mission.

There will be no meeting of the Monday Club until the third Monday in January, when Rev. Dr. Holbrook will present the subject, "The Prayer Meeting; Its Method; Its Use; Its Efficiency."

A meeting of the Directors of the Congregational Associates will be held on Friday, January 4, 1884, at 3 p. m., at No. 7 Montgomery avenue, for the election of officers.

S. S. SMITH, President.

The regular monthly meeting of the Congregational Associates will be held on Friday, Jan. 4, 1884, at 3:15 p. m., at No. 7 Montgomery avenue, for the election of officers.

S. P. SMITH, President.

Last Sunday was generally observed in our churches with services and sermons appropriate to the closing Sabbath of the year. The following are some of the topics presented: "How Old Art Thou?" "Time Is Short"; "Redeeming the Time"; "Resolving and Reforming"; "The Transient and Abiding."

Whitman College, Walla Walla, is entering a new era of prosperity. It has recently entered its new college building, erected at an expense of \$15,000. The attendance is highly encouraging; the condition of the institution is reported as healthy, and the outlook favorable for its becoming the pride and glory of Walla Walla.

The church at Saratoga had a Christmas tree Monday, Christmas eve. The house was nicely decorated and crowded with people. The entertainment passed off very pleasantly. A large number of presents were distributed. The pastor and family were very kindly remembered by a twenty-dollar gold piece and other nice presents. The pastor's family were also very pleasantly surprised by a nice box of things as a Christmas present from the Bethany Gleaners.

GOOD NEWS FROM RIO VISTA.—The Sabbath morning congregations were never so large as now. The young people's meeting is excellently attended; five united with the church at its last communion; the church building is being painted; new hymn-books are to be procured; and the annual offerings for all good enterprises are made with increasing cheerfulness and generosity. So writes one who knows, and who remitted with this good news, the Pilgrim Sunday offering of this goodly church.

Despite the threatening weather, the Sunday-schools in connection with the Sonoma church had a merry Christmas. On Wednesday eve, Dec. 26th, the Glen Ellen school had a tree in the school-house, and the room was filled with children and friends of the school. The room was most tastefully decorated with evergreens, ferns, etc., and as the community had contributed about forty dollars for the occasion, each child, aside from the bag of candy and orange, received two pretty presents. The little hearts made happy, the older people were refreshed with cake and coffee. Thus was spent the third festive evening of this kind in the history of that school. It seems now as if it were assured in its success, and though feeling at first crippled at the loss of Mr. C. J. King as Superintendent, Miss Lizzie Clark stepped forward, and under her skillful and faithful management (aided as she is by several excellent ladies) the school is prospering. May the hearts of these faithful workers be made glad by seeing some of their scholars brought to Christ. At the Home School there was a pleasant time on Thursday afternoon following Christmas. Though it was slightly rainy, the most of the school was present, and a good time they seemed to have. On the tree were found kind remembrances for each one, and to those who had been faithful in certain respects beautiful prizes were awarded. And thus another Christmas is over. Tired may be teachers and friends, but who would not thus weary himself "in imitation of Him who went about doing good."

H. H. W.

Other Denominations.

METHODIST.—Rev. E. A. Wible is having a good time at Arcata.—The Los Angeles District Convention met recently in Los Angeles. Several very important questions were presented and discussed.

PRESBYTERIAN.—The Los Alamos church received six persons to membership recently.

At Point Arena three additions were made to the church membership lately.—Three persons joined the church in Livermore at the last communion.—Over thirty persons joined the First church in Los Angeles at the last communion.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. J. N. Crawford has retired from the church at Walla Walla, W. T. He is resting at present at Blalock, Wasco Co., Or. Rev. J. C. Van Patton is at present again in charge at Walla Walla.—Rev. W. N. Cunningham, of Visalia, is in feeble health.

Temperance.

Work for Prohibition is being carried on manfully and vigorously in many places.—The W. C. T. U. are also earnestly engaged in the good work.—*The Rescue* is now under the editorial care of Rev. E. F. Dinsmore, one of our Congregational ministers of this city. Mr. F. K. Lane is Business Manager.

The undersigned Financial Agent of the Pacific Theological Seminary acknowledges the receipt of the following amounts from April 16, 1883, to date.

1. From churches:	
Bonita: Interest.....	\$ 12 00
Berkeley: Interest (individual notes).....	40 00
\$30 on principal \$10.....	40 00
Martinez: Interest \$8, principal 20c.....	8 20
Oakland, First church: Interest.....	120 00
Oakland, Second ch. (Dime Society).....	12 00
Oakland, Plymouth-Ave church: Interest.....	58 00
\$17.30, principal \$40.70.....	18 00
Petaluma: Interest.....	157 50
In full \$150.....	157 50
San Francisco, First church: Interest.....	120 00
San Francisco, Plymouth ch: Interest.....	60 00
San Francisco, Third church: Interest.....	108 00
\$24.60, principal \$83.40.....	18 00
San Jose: Interest.....	11 50
\$4.65.....	15 00
Stockton: Interest.....	15 00
Calaveras county churches by Rev. A. Ostrom.....	2 00
Clayton and Pacheco collections.....	5 00
Fairview collection.....	2 15
Ferndale.....	15 00
Lockeford.....	7 50
National City collection.....	7 00
Noroville.....	6 00
Oakland, Golden Gate ch. collection.....	5 00
Oakland, Park church collection.....	1 50
Pescadero collection.....	3 45
Reno collection.....	3 00
Rocklin and Lincoln collections.....	5 00
Soquel collection.....	3 80
Suisun.....	5 00
Tulare.....	2 00
Westminster collection.....	3 50
Total from churches.....	\$856 10
Of which \$288.35 have been paid on the principal of subscription notes, \$490.85 on the interest of subscription notes, and \$76.90 comes from the offerings of churches which have given no subscription notes.	
2. From individuals:	
In payment of interest on personal subscription notes.....	\$762 80
On principal of same.....	340 00
Other notes, principal and interest.....	35 00
	\$1,138 80
Grand Total.....	\$1,994 90
Wm. C. Pond,	
Financial Agent P. T. S.	

The State Teachers' Association, met in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. in this city, last week, and continued its sessions during three days. The attendance was large, the interest good and the discussions profitable. The space given to the meeting in the daily press was well bestowed. If the secular press would give us more such reading and less of the wranglings of our school directors, and of divorce trials, and of O'Donnell obsequies, and accounts of murders, suicides, etc., it would be much better for their readers. It was pleasant to note quite an increase in the attendance at the noon prayer meetings in the hall during the days of the Institute. Many of the teachers of our public schools in this State are earnest Christians. Would that they all looked to God constantly for divine help in the performance of their very responsible duties.

The late William Cullen Bryant was often humorous in his after-dinner speeches. At a dinner given some time ago in New York to Mr. William Black, the novelist, Mr. Bryant responded to a toast on poetry by saying that, although the novelist had laid society under great obligations, the poet should not be forgotten, since it is to him that we are indebted for some of our most labor-saving productions. "What," he continued, in his gravest manner, "could be more useful, more winning, more worthy of being remembered than the immortal song"—here the audience held themselves in breathless silence—"beginning, 'Thirty days hath September?'"

January 1, 1884, was the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great Swiss reformer, Ulrich Zwingle. He was just seven weeks younger than Martin Luther. His parents were in humble circumstances, but he found the needed education to fit him for the priesthood. He was ordained in 1506. In 1514, he visited Erasmus at Bale; and, in 1519, he was appointed preacher in the cathedral at Zurich. When the struggle in Switzerland took the form of open war, Zwingle fought with the reformers, and fell at the battle of Cappel. His body was discovered and burned by the enemy. What Luther was to Germany and John Knox to Scotland, Zwingle was to Switzerland.

The Secretary of the Treasury has requested that our Consul General in Egypt shall be instructed to direct his subordinates to inspect all rags gathered for export to the United States. It is proposed that such rags shall be boiled under pressure or thoroughly fumigated with sulphurous acid gas before shipment, and that the Consul or his deputy shall certify to the disinfection. A single New York firm has now over 60,000 tons of rags stored in Alexandria, Egypt, awaiting shipment to the United States.

By Rev. George Morris.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A vertical crease is visible near the right edge, suggesting it was once folded. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

BY REV. S. H. WILLEY, D. D.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A vertical crease is visible near the right edge, suggesting it was once folded. The overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

Pleasant People.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and small dark spots, possibly due to age or handling. A dark horizontal band is visible along the bottom edge of the page.

Miscellany

"I Am the Light of the World."

LUTHER'S HYMN—"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

Translation by M. Woolsey Stryker.

A tower of safety is our God!
A goodly ward and weapon,
He'll help us free, tho' force or fraud
To us may now mishappen.
The old relentless fiend
Our ruin doth intend;
Gross might, and deep device,
His dreadful armor is;
On earth there's none can match him!

By our might we could do no more
Than vainly to have striven;
But for us the right man will war,
Whom God himself hath given.
Dost ask, who is with us?
It is the Christ, Jesus!
The Lord of Sabbath,
None other God, that doth
The vantage hold forever.

And if the world were Devil-full,
All purposed to consume us,
'T would not so much affright our soul,
It is not they can doom us:
This world's dark prince may still
Lower sullen as he will;
For he can harm us naught,
'Tis past. His doom is wrought.
One word can bring his downfall.

That Word, for all they do, shall stand,
No thank to them that jeer it!
Yes, on the plain, He's at our hand,
By His own gift and spirit.
And should they take our life,
Fame, fortune, child and wife,—
Let them all this begin:
But they can nothing win;
God's kingdom yet awaits us!

Should Governors Pardon?

Governor Cleveland is adorning his administration with the characteristic of mercy. This week, last week and week before last he pardoned inmates of the penitentiary, giving in full his reasons for so doing. The pardoning power is sometimes abused, and it is often neglected. Governors who do not exercise this power are unfit for their position. The framers of our laws, foreseeing that the machinery for jury trial would, like everything else human, be imperfect, provided this mode of escape for those unjustly incarcerated. There have been so many cases in which it was demonstrated beyond a doubt that the innocent suffered and the guilty went free, that the Governor who resolves upon abstinence from the exercise of the pardoning power becomes himself the criminal. Sometimes men become the victims of circumstances, and after a life of integrity do just one wrong thing. Punished they must be, but after awhile there comes a time for leniency and release. Sometimes good men are found in suspicious circumstances for which they are in no wise responsible, and are flung into prison, and after awhile the real author of the crime, under pang of conscience or on sick or dying bed, makes confession. Sometimes after a crime is committed the community are so hot with excitement that the jury lose their balance, and are incompetent for a just verdict, and they pronounce those guilty who are not guilty. Sometimes a judge of the court, gouty or dyspeptic or savage, guided by his exasperated nervous system rather than his sense of right, inflicts too long an imprisonment for an offender. Sometimes there are conspiracies against some unfortunate man which do not develop as conspiracies until long after the trial. There is probably not a large penitentiary in the land which does not to-day hold in iron embrace those who deserve the full liberty of good citizenship. What a grand thing when a magistrate like Governor Cleveland is willing to put his ear to the wicket of the dungeon, and listen to the plaint, and examine the testimony, and find innocence in bonds, does the work of the angel of God that opened the door of the apostolic imprisonment and set Peter free. Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, entering upon his office at Frankfort, the State capital, found a great mass of convicts huddled together in ill-ventilated dungeons. Four persons in a room where there ought to have been only one. Old villains and young boys in the same bunk. No opportunity of abatement; filthy and rotting alive. Those who were, as a result of the terrible place, in the last stages of consumption, he sent to their homes to die. Those who had been unjustly committed he set free. Light poured into the earthly pandemonium, and while Governor Blackburn did all that the law would allow him to do in the reformation of those who must stay, and in the liberation of those who ought to go, his accomplished and Christian wife carried the Gospel of Christ through all the prison corridors, and gathered the convicts Sabbath by Sabbath into the chapel, where she put them under the influence of prayer and song and religious exhortation. One of the most gratifying hours of my last summer absence was the one I passed when, at the invitation of Elizabeth Fry, that Florence Nightingale of American prisons, Mrs. Blackburn, I confronted the prisoners with a message of mercy from a pardoning God. Politicians tell us that Governor Cleveland has made mistakes since his inauguration at Albany. About that I cannot say; but he has made no mistake when, without reluctance and with positive joy, he has shortened the punitive suffering of some and given entire emancipation to others. He who pardons the most is most like God, who abundantly pardons.—[Sunday Magazine.]

An every-day religion—one that loves the duties of your common walk; one that makes an honest man; one that accomplishes an intellectual and moral growth in the subject; one that works in all weather, and improves all opportunities, will best and most healthily promote the growth of a church and the power of the Gospel.—[Bushnell.]

"They are not Strangers, Mamma."

Not long ago I stood by the death-bed of a little girl. From her birth she had been afraid of death. Every fiber of her body and soul recoiled from the thought of it. "Don't let me die," she said, "don't let me die! Hold me fast! Oh, I can't go!" "Jenny," I said, "you have two little brothers in the other world and there are thousands of tender-hearted people over there who will love you and take care of you." But she cried out again, despairingly, "Don't let me go; they are strangers over there!" She was a little country girl, strong-limbed, fleet of foot, tanned in the face; she was raised on the frontier; the fields were her home. In vain we tried to reconcile her to the death that was inevitable. "Hold me fast," she cried, "don't let me go!" But even as she was pleading, her little hands relaxed their clinging hold from my wrist and lifted themselves eagerly aloft; lifted themselves with such straining effort that they lifted the wasted body from its reclining position among the pillows. Her face was turned upward, but it was her eyes that told the story. They were filled with the light of divine recognition. They saw something plainly that we could not see; and they grew brighter and brighter, and her little hands quivered in eagerness to go where strange portals had opened upon her astonished vision. But even in that supreme moment she did not forget to leave a word of comfort for those who would have gladly died in her place: "Mamma," she was saying, "mamma, they are not strangers, I'm not afraid." And every instant the light burned more gloriously in her blue eyes, till at last it seemed as if her soul leaped forth upon the radiant waves, and in that moment her trembling form relaxed among its pillows and she was gone.—[Chicago World.]

A Prize Baby.

On a Atlantic steamer bound for New York, a year or so ago, the usual entertainment for the benefit of a Liverpool charity was projected. There happened to be on board a good many "professionals," actors and singers, who all promised to take part, except one, who kept aloof, and stubbornly declined to assist. As he was the star most desired, every effort was made to change his mind, and the committee of arrangements at last applied to Mr. P. T. Barnum (who was, as usual, an inconspicuous passenger), and begged him to labor with the reluctant singer. Mr. Barnum undertook the mission, and after stating the case and making his appeal, somewhat to his surprise the man at once assented.

"I refused all these people," he said, "and I dislike exceedingly to take part in this sort of entertainment, but if you ask me, Mr. Barnum, I can not decline. I am glad to do anything that will please you."

Mr. Barnum felt much complimented, but protested a little, when the man continued:

"You did me a great favor once, Mr. Barnum, and I never have forgotten it. You may not recall it, but I am under great obligations to you."

"Why," hesitated the great showman, "I must confess I don't recall—I don't remember any circumstance, and yet your face is familiar. I haven't forgot that. Where was it we met?"

"Oh!" it was thirty years ago, Mr. Barnum. I took the first prize in your first baby show. I've always felt grateful to you."—[Harper's Magazine.]

The success of the movement to erect a monument to Admiral Coligny in Paris is assured, by far the greater part of the sum necessary having been raised. Those who have seen the designs, which are now ready in the sculptor's hands for execution, enthusiastically write that the monument will, when completed, be "one of the marvels of Paris." A central part will, of course, be the statue of Coligny himself, standing with his back to the Oratoire, the chief Protestant church of that city, and facing the palace of the Louvre within whose walls the butchery of the Protestants was planned by Catherine de Medici and received the assent of her weak and guilty son, Charles the Ninth. Some American Christians, most the descendants of the Huguenots, have contributed a handsome sum of money as a token of their interest in the work.—[Christian Statesman.]

The French Government has sent to the United States National Museum at Washington a complete collection of Sevres porcelain, numbering 75 lots. This beautiful gift illustrates the whole process of firing, baking, and decorating, with elegant specimens of this choice and costly ware.

The natives of Erromanga, the island in the South Seas where the missionary Williams and his companions were devoured by the cannibals, have been improving the Martyrs' Church erected in their memory, and have shipped 2,200 pounds of arrow-root to pay for the printing of the four Gospels.

The Bible and Fruit Mission, which was started six years ago for the solace of patients in New York city hospitals, has now a self-supporting coffee-house, where it provides meals and lodgings at a moderate price, and holds five chapel services each week. Last year it supplied 79,925 meals and 27,696 lodgings.

The best of men are unworthy to loose the lachet of Christ's shoes, yet the sinful woman might do as she would with his sacred feet. Desert may not touch his shoe-tie; love may kiss his foot.—[George MacDonald.]

The aim of Christianity is to meet every human need and supply every comfort that the soul craves. And whoever would do the will of God should remember that it is his mission, so far as lies within his power, to comfort mankind.

Christian Education.

Within the last two years there has been established in a certain quiet community of California, a Catholic school for children under fifteen years of age, presided over by the priest, conducted by three sisters. It has been so successful in gathering in the children that one teacher less is needed in the public school, the number of scholars in some of the outlying districts has been somewhat diminished, and rumor is that the Catholic authorities are about to enlarge their buildings in order to supply the increasing demand. One special feature of this school is, of course, its Romanism, thereby making it attractive to people of this belief. Another feature is, less mingling of the two sexes than is usual at the public school, and to some parents this is an inducement. Another is, the comparatively low price charged for tuition—one dollar per month being all that is asked, and thus making it attractive to those in humble circumstances; and still another is a system of medals, thereby affording an extra inducement to the scholars to be diligent. Here, then, is a school fulfilling in a measure its mission, gathering not only Catholic, but non-Catholic, some children even who on Sabbath are found in a Protestant Sunday-school.

Now, while the present writer does not commend all the doings of this educational institution, he nevertheless has been impressed thereby, and has found therein illustrations of one or two thoughts upon which he would like to enlarge.

And the first is this. Now religious people will send their children to religious schools, providing such schools are thorough and inexpensive. This is no new thought. Many are the young men and women of ungodly parents in the religious schools of the land. It is mentioned to impress upon us that one word "inexpensive." And the force of this will appear as we advance in the other thought, which is, that children in such schools are indoctrinated with the truth espoused by the authorities thereof. In the above-mentioned schools only Catholic children are compelled to recite the prayers offered several times daily, but the other children are at liberty to do, and though none of the latter may, dull indeed must be the child who will not within a short time learn the petitions offered to "Holy Mary." In fact, the writer has had repeated to him by one of his own Sabbath-school scholars the prayer which she could not help learning in the school of the Sisters. Now, who can doubt that through this means there will be more or less influence exerted upon this little girl, and upon all who, like her, attend this school. Such being the case, it is easy to see that a similar influence might be exerted by the Protestant Church, if it were equally zealous in gathering the youth into schools under its own management. And on undertaking something like this is one of the needs of this age. We talk about evangelizing America, and God help us so to do! But are we not all agreed that while in no way neglecting the adult population, we must, if we would hasten the coming of the Lord, "gather the children in." But into what? The Sunday-school? Yes. The Church? Yes, if possible. But beyond this; beyond, and different from either—the Christian school. "Let us have a regeneration in this glorious matter of education, that it may be taken from the power of the State, and remanded to the church where it belongs." Thus spoke Professor Hartnau at the last meeting of American Home Missionary Society, and with him we agree. "Christian schools"—these are the need of this age. But we have Christian schools. Yes, so we have, and a good work they are doing. But they are mostly for youth whose parents can afford to send them away from home. But what proportion of the youth of this land have such opportunities! Can the embryo farmers, mechanics, day-laborers, dress-makers, servant-girls, etc. No; their circumstances will not permit of the outlay of money necessary to attend the Christian schools now open for our youth. The education which they are to have must be obtained before they are fifteen years old, and in the case of the most the only opportunity for such advantages is the public school. This may do for all practical purposes, in their respective callings. But if we would instill into the minds of such, as well as of others, the truth of the Gospel, the church must do something more than it is doing at present. The need of our time is, schools under the direction of the church—schools in almost every community, with doors open to all under fifteen, and with the necessary expenses such that the humblest laborers may afford to send their children thereto. The State is doing well in educating its coming citizens, but as long as there are Jews, Catholics, Protestants and infidels living under the flag of American freedom, we may well doubt whether the State will attempt to train Christian character. And if the State does not, who will? The Catholic answers, "The Church will." We Protestants should be equally aggressive, and declare, God helping us, we will do what we can in this way for the unconquered millions. We should not rest with the academies and colleges, nor with the kindergartens of the city. We should push on until every town, hamlet and village has its Protestant school, equipped with thorough-going, Christian teachers, attracting in every way possible the boys and girls of the community.

Of course, this may be called a theoretical, beautiful idea, but too difficult of realization at present. Some may say, "Let the Sunday-school do this work." But is one hour per week sufficient for a work so great and important? Others may tell us, "Let the family attend to the religious training." Capital idea; but suppose the family is not religious, what then? Again, it may be urged, it is impracticable, because of the different sects, and because of the lack of money. There may be something in this. But we are approaching an age of comity. It is high time for the various regiments of the Lord's hosts to cease their warring among themselves, and hand to hand oppose the enemy. If we can arrange for local churches, we should be able to arrange for local schools between the different divisions of God's people. And then as to money; is it the case that there is not sufficient money among Christians to meet all the religious needs of the age; or is it that the deficiency is in benevolence of soul? If every Christian, rich or poor, should, like the Jew of old, sacredly reserve one-tenth of his net income for the Lord's work, could we not in addition to what is already doing, establish in almost every community throughout our land a Christian school such as, or similar to, the one above suggested? And is there a reader of THE PACIFIC who will say this is not a "consummation devoutly to be wished for?"

We have not the liberty to choose whether we will serve or no; all the liberty we have is to choose our master.—[Bishop Sanderson.]

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The Origin of Christmas.

Christmas looks out at us from the dim shadow of the groves of the Druids who were not Christ, and it is dear to those who renounce the name of Christian. The Christmas log, which Herriek exhorts his merry boys to bring with a noise to the English hearth, and the blazing holiday temples of Saturn shine again in the dimmed Christian churches. It is the pagan mistletoe under which the Christian with kisses the Christian maid. It is the ally of the old Roman Saturnalia which celebrates the birth of the Christ. The huge smoking barrel of beef, the tremendous eating and drinking of the Scandinavian Walhalla. The Christian and ante-Christian feeling and in the happy season, and the observance mingles at every point with the pagan. It is not easy to say where paganism ends and the Christianity begins. The carols and the wassail, the play and the games, the generous hospitality, the horse and the Lord of Misrule, the old and the new. As the religious light of all ages and countries, when it shines a certain elevation, flows into an extension which makes the Scriptures of the different nations harmonious, the history of this happy festival is evidence of the human unity of the earlier and later ages; and the stranger in Bracebridge Hall, looking by the glowing hearth on Christmas as he watches the romping revelry beneath the mistletoe, and listens to the carols, and the merry music of the children's voices at his door, may seem to hear a more celestial voice, and to catch a deeper meaning in the words, "Before Abraham was, I am."—[Harper's Magazine.]

Driving With Oil.

Another homely illustration. I wanted to drive an iron bar through a piece of lumber. I bored a hole of the right size, but the bar was rusty, and the hole rough. I made slow progress, and beginning to split the wood. Then I poured oil into the hole, and a few drops of the hammer sent the iron into its place. The oil had not diminished the size of the bar, or enlarged that of the hole. It had smoothed both surfaces. A few drops of oil were more effective than many blows of the hammer. How slow good people are to learn this simple lesson. They take hold of an important enterprise with great zeal. They are intensely earnest, and even morbidly conscientious. Everybody ought to see it as they do, and whoever does not, is hampered at without mercy. Such unrelenting zeal provokes opposition. It creates all the friction of the natural heart. Men will not appreciate the truth presented when they are repelled by the spirit in which it is presented. Let the reformers be careful to have plenty of oil. Let him speak the truth in love. —[Dr. Babb.]

PREACHING AS A CANDIDATE.—A clergyman was a candidate for lectureship in one of the old city churches of London. Desirous of giving a most favorable impression of the ingenuity with which he could torture a text to his own meaning, he took for his subject the word "but." The disjunctive conjunction led him to dwell upon the truth that there is no lot in life without its cross: "Naaman was a mighty and honorable man of valor, but he was a leper." "The five wicked cities were as fruitful as the garden of Eden; but the men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." "The inhabitants of Ai thought they had put the Israelites to flight; but they knew not that there were liars in wait behind the city;" and so on went the divine, probably well satisfied with his ingenious performance. After service, in the vestry he was met by the chief trustee of the church, who said to him, "Sir, it was a most ingenious discourse, and we are exceedingly obliged to you for it, but you are not the preacher that will do for us."—[Selected.]

A SHARP ANSWER.—A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sabbath, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath-day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered the convert, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath-day, then the master should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

A gentleman met an uncertain acquaintance, who said: "I'm a little short, should like to ask you a conundrum mental arithmetic." "Proceed," replied the gentleman. "Well," said the man, "suppose you had \$10 in your pocket, and I should ask you for how much would remain?" "Ten cents," was the prompt reply.

Theodore Hook once called upon an lady who pressed him so urgently to dine with her, that as he had engaged, he could not refuse. On going down the servant uncovered the table which contained two mutton chops, the hostess said: "Mr. Hook, you are my dinner." "Thank you, ma'am, where is yours?"

Rev. Dr. J. M. W. Farnham, Secretary of the Chinese Religious Tract Society, who can be addressed at Newton, Mass., is about to publish a list of Chinese schools in this country. He hopes to secure a bond of union between them, making them mutually helpful. The disciples returned to Jesus and told him all that they had done. This is a good rule for every minister and every Christian. Every night go to Christ and tell him what you have been doing during the day, and the motive which induced your conduct.

The Reflex Power of the Pen.

The writer of this article was more than fifty years old before he made the discovery that his own pen was one of the most fruitful sources of personal information. This statement doubtless will strike every reader as paradoxical or egotistic. Many persons have learned in early life that the pen was one of the very best instruments for mental discipline. This is in accord with the exact etymology of the word "information," i.e., giving shape to what is within. Writing trains the mind to use its powers with success. Whoever will try to put a fresh thought into the minds of others by the use of words will find that the very effort will render the idea much clearer and more forcible to himself. And this accords with a second meaning of the word "information," i.e., to give organizing power to, or to animate the mental forces.

But the more common meaning of the word "inform" is to instruct, or convey knowledge. And just here is where the pen yields a marvelous reflex power. Who can read the "Pilgrim's Progress" in connection with the circumstances under which it was written and not feel sure Bunyan gained stores of knowledge by the act of writing? And yet he drew the materials from the book mainly by pumping from the well of his own divine experience of immeasurable depth. The internal evidence of the book is sufficient to confirm his own statement, that he was indebted to no human aid. Did Bunyan put on paper what he did not know before he began to write? or did what was purely original come to him in the act of writing?

Robert Hall used to relate that sometimes, while in the act of preaching, thoughts would rush into his mind so new and precious to himself that, when he went home, he would, from memory, write them out for his own use.

Occasionally, as one is intently studying the Bible with pen in hand, the lines seem wide apart where no human comments have filled the hiatus, and by noting down what comes, the space begins to fill up with rich gems of practical instruction. We are not at all conscious that these new ideas come from any material or human source.

Instances have occurred, when I have been writing a sermon on some topic of fallow ground, when there would come a mental fulmination, tumbling into the mind whole bulks and trains of unheeded thought, and to my own soul, bright and precious as cargoes of gold. Where do these thoughts come from? Is it presumption to suppose that, while the pen holds the mind concentrated on some point of revealed truth, the Divine Spirit pours some new light on its hidden meaning?

The Geysers.

The Geysers, situated in Sonoma county, one hundred miles from San Francisco, were discovered in 1847, by a farmer, named W. B. Elliot, while hunting for bear. They are situated on the Little Pluton River, and number at least a hundred springs, of all shapes, colors, conditions and temperatures. Everything here seems to be owned and controlled by his Satanic majesty. The Devil's "Eye-water Spring," containing lime, alum, magnesia, etc., is supposed to be a remedy for weak or inflamed eyes. The guide allows us to sit in the Devil's "Armchair," and wish for anything we want. Near by is the Devil's "Inkstand," containing a fluid with which those who feel disposed can make their will before proceeding further. Ascending the steaming, sulphurous gorge we pass the "Hot Springs"—200 degrees Fahrenheit, the "Machine Shop," "Pluto's Punch Bowl," the "Wash Boiler"—212 degrees, and the "Witches Caldron," ten feet square, where an egg can be thoroughly cooked in three minutes. Passing on over heated ground and thick deposits of sulphur, salts, ammonia, tartaric acid, magnesia, etc., we reached the "Devil's Pulpit," two thousand feet above the level of the sea. We stand and overlook the ceaseless action, the roar, steam and bubbling of one hundred boiling medicated springs, while the steam rises one hundred feet above all. The air is impregnated with various odors, the gulch and mountain seem to be on fire. —[Morning Star.]

It makes no difference whether a worm eats its way into a wooden cistern, or whether a hole is bored into it with a gimlet, or whether heat shrinks the stuff, its contents run out all the same; and no matter what it may be, anything that sets the nervous system askew will drain it dry speedily, and leave the man a wreck. As soon as a man has wasted with riotous living the substance that lies inside the brain and nervous system he is good for nothing. Yet I behold a great many men doing it. They will not rest Sundays, nor nights. They will not limit their industry within the circuit of their easy competence and power. They are over-ambitious. They chase the hours till they glow and burn. Although they have health and strength, and are good citizens, and do not, so far as they are aware, break any canon of morality, yet they are violating the constitution of their being. They are wasting their whole nervous system, which is their very self. You may say that this is a clean mode of slaying a man's self; that it is white suicide. Yes, it is clean as compared with other modes of slaying one's self; nevertheless, it is suicide.

Dr. Abernethy used to say that the two great killing powers in the world are Stuff and Fret. Dr. Abernethy died many years ago, but the world has not changed much since his time. Stuff and Fret still stalk up and down the earth, and great multitudes continue to succumb to their attacks. —[Ex.]

Pray for patience; every day will bring something that will call for its exercise. —[St. Jerome.]

The East and the West in Life.

For centuries it has been the instinct of men to turn to the East in worship. For centuries also it has been their instinct, when they sought a field of conquest, to turn to the West. To the one, men have looked for faith and hope and inspiration and knowledge; in the other, they have seen before them unsolved problems, and a land to be conquered and possessed.

Man is not only a combatant; he is a war in himself. He is an essential contradiction; a bundle of warring impulses. It is not without significance that, wandering ever toward the changing West, he yet must turn and face the changeless East in his moments of highest feeling; it is not meaningless that, looking hopefully and lovingly to the shining East, he yet must seek his appointed labor in the West, where the sun and the stars go out. In that East he finds the birthplace of his race and his religion; it is the land of poetry and faith, and Arcadian simplicity and quaint, old beauty; the very stories which he tells to his children have come down through many lands and many times from that primeval East. In the West he finds the hard and the practical—forests to cut down, rivers to ford, prairies to sow, deserts to redeem, houses to build, enemies to conquer. So he lives his twofold life; a man of the East and a man of the West; a man of the past and a man of the present; a citizen of this world, and one owing allegiance to a higher world than this.

In this two-fold life of man is the secret of human greatness, and the secret also of human pain. So far as concerns a certain animal content, it might be better for man to be as the beasts that perish, free from the craving which bids him look to the East, and wait for the dawn; free from the hope which bids him watch for the uplifted sign of the Son of man. But being a man, he cannot be wholly free from the high unrest and deathless longings of a man. And for the same reason, he cannot wholly turn away from the work which lies before him in the West. He is not gifted with wings; his feet must rest on the ground. Bread and clothing are to be won for his body's needs; shelter must be provided for those whom he cherishes; other men are to be helped out of the "slough of despond" and the mire of sin, and he must work with willing hand and patient brain. He dare not be untrue to the East; he dare not be faithless to the West. To fail in his duty toward either, would be to proclaim himself so much the less a man.

This duality of human nature—this warring of the human soul within itself—makes conflict the natural condition of man. So long as one proves faithful to his own being, so long will he find himself in a straight between two, the high ideal East appealing to the one side of his nature, the stern and practical West appealing to the other, and each speaking with a voice that brooks no denial. It is no marvel that in this conflict of the ages men have attempted to gain peace and harmony by abolishing one side or the other of the problem. Some have turned away from the toilsome West, and sought, within cold, gray convent walls, or in some quiet oratory where the holy light falls dimly through windows pictured with saint and martyr, to cast from them forever the noises and the dust of the world, and so to attain to the blessed vision of God. Others have turned sadly from the East, counting faith a dream and hope a delusion, and have chosen for their lot the gold and iron and clay of earth. But neither of these win the peace they sought. The devotee, who is only a devotee, is tossed from ecstasy to temptation, and from temptation to ecstasy, achieving nothing, making no progress, and bereft of half of his life. And so it is with him who has chosen the practical and tangible only. He may fill his barns to overflowing; but half of his nature is unfed, and for all practical purposes he is a dead man as concerns the highest in himself.

Nor is peace to be found by seeking some middle way between the East and the West. A compromise has properly no place in God's universe. Soul and body are not brought into living union by inventing something between them—something which is neither soul nor body, but which partakes of the nature of both. They are only made one in something higher, which can contain both, without confounding either. So it is with the East and the West in life. He who has found peace is he who is faithful alike to East and to West, who performs bravely the work which is set before him in the world, and who yet forgets not the arching sky. "Blessed are the peace-makers," said Christ; "for they shall see God." Blessed are those who go down into the battle-fields of men, to plead for peace, and to take upon themselves the "redder's stroke in the fray;" for, in so doing, they shall attain to that vision of God which lonely pietist and rapturous mystic have often sought in vain.

But to say that one wholly and solely devoted to the ideal, or one wholly and solely devoted to the practical, is living only in a half of his being, is but part of the truth. He cannot be wholly faithful to the practical West who is quite unfaithful to the spiritual East; nor can he be true to the spiritual who is false to the practical. Faithfulness to either is bound up in faithfulness to both; it has ever been the experience of men that he who does or thinks one thing only, never does or thinks that one thing as well as another who does and thinks that same thing and more besides. Destroy the sight of one eye, and it is pretty sure to affect the sight of the other; starve one whole side of your nature, and the other must suffer. Many an illiterate toiler is a rounder man than the cultivated specialist who has limited his whole being to one narrow groove of thought or action. The wagon will go higher than the flying kite, if the wagon is hitched to a star.

It is a very practical question this, regarding our relations to the East and the West in life. If it is true that to keep the ideal ever in view is to unsuit ourselves for the practical, we wish to know it, and to act in view of that knowledge. Or if, on the other hand, the least out-reaching to the practical finds its result in a dimmed spiritual vision, that also we want to be sure of. It is a question of deepest earnestness this, whether we must sacrifice one part of our nature to the other, or whether it is possible to obey the voices which call to us from two different sides. Much of one's efficiency here, and of one's preparedness for the hereafter, depends upon the answer.

God has not planted this divided nature and these diverse impulses in us without a purpose. God has willed that in ourselves we should have an example of how the apparent contradictions of nature are reconciled. The ideal finds its realization only in the practical; the practical finds its meaning only in the ideal. This is the New Testament doctrine of faith and works. Do, and you will believe; believe, and you will do—is the dual teaching which recurs in varied phrasing in Gospel and Epistle. The dawn comes as surely to him who has labored and waited as to him who has only waited; and it finds him a strong man, ready for his new duties, while the other has lost his vigor through inactivity. Often it may seem that in doing the practical work of the hour one is abandoning the ideal; but it is only in seeming, it is in that practical work that the ideal is to be found. Sometimes fidelity to the ideal may seem to imply failure in the practical; but this also is only seeming; for he only brings the practical to its highest possibilities, who has learned the secret of its meaning from the ideal. The East and the West may seem to be two; to the highest thought they are but one.

If, then, we would live the broad life which our nature makes possible for us, we must be quick and responsive to the calls which appeal to these two sides of our being. A two-fold life must be ours; the silence of a spirit at peace with God; and the noise and bustle of the crowded mart. For us are the quiet chambers of prayer, with their subdued light and their holy memories; for us, too, the battle-fields of life with their weary men and women, and their wounded, and their dead. It may be ours to win the blessedness of those who do, and suffer, and wait—who bind the wounds of the poor and forsaken, and who find with glad surprise that they have been binding the wounds of Christ. The way to that East, where are the springs of life, is through the tangled brushwood and the unbroken wilds of the West. Happy is the man who, when his work in the West is done, finds himself facing, with glad and steadfast eyes, the changeless glory of the East.

A Cat's Strategy.

In a certain doctor's family there is a cat—thought to be the smartest of its kind. Like other cats, he is fond of petting; but, unlike them, he wants to do it all himself. He will rub up against you, purring loudly, seemingly so happy to express himself.

But put out a hand to stroke him, or that delight of cats! to scratch his head, and an ugly slap with his paw exhibits his displeasure. Yet he himself keeps on petting in his own way—jumping up into your lap and standing up to rub his head against your chin.

Cats have never been known to attend church services, as dogs sometimes do, but this cat takes an active interest in family prayers. Having been well brought up, he never expects to be fed until breakfast is finished and prayers are over. If, however, he thinks the family has sat long enough at the table, he taps his mistress on the arm and runs swiftly backwards upon his hind legs, and sits up like a kangaroo, begging. If he discovers that this has no effect, he jumps up on the little stand where the Bibles are kept, and pushes them off, one after another. The attention of the family is hereby drawn, and he is punished, but his end is gained; for the Bibles are handed to the different members of the family, and prayers begin.

Then he jumps upon the stand, sits upright with open eyes, a grave and solemn aspect, and utters not a sound during the reading and the prayer, until the doctor says "Amen." Before the word is finished, an imperative meow tells he well knows that his turn has come at last. —[Youth's Companion.]

Oh, the mystery is to my mind so intensely wonderful and so sweet of God's Spirit dwelling at once in Christ and in us, so that we have literally actual, personal communion with the Father and with His Son, through the one spirit that dwells in us all. It would be frightful to dare to think or speak of it if it were not so plainly revealed; but now, I think, it is our privilege to know it, and our own fault if we do not, because God says he is willing to give the Holy Spirit to all that ask for it; and 1 Cor. ii: 9-16 teaches us what amazing things we may know if the Holy Spirit is our teacher. —[Adelaide Newton.]

Though New York was evacuated by the British, November 25, 1783, their troops held possession of Governor's island in the harbor till December 3, when it was formally transferred to the American authorities. The anniversary was commemorated by a national salute of 21 guns, by order of Gen. Hancock.

The habit of religious dawdling is one of the worst forms of besetting sin. It stands in the way of every virtue. —[United Presbyterian.]

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WEDNESDAY, Jan. 2, 1884.]

THE PACIFIC: SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Children's Corner

The Origin of Christmas.

Christmas looks out at us from the dim shadow of the groves of the Druids who knew not Christ, and it is dear to those who renounce the name of Christian. The Christmas log, which Herriek exhorts his merrie boys to bring with a noise to the fire, is but the Saxon Yule-log burning on the English hearth, and the blazing holiday temples of Saturn shine again in the illuminated Christian churches. It is the pagan mistletoe under which the Christian youth kisses the Christian maid. It is the holly of the old Roman Saturnalia which decorates Bracebridge Hall on Christmas eve. The huge smoking barrel of beef, the flowing oceans of ale, are but the survivals of the tremendous eating and drinking of the Scandinavian Walhalla.

The Christian and ante-Christian feeling blend in the happy season, and the Christian observance mingles at every point with the pagan rite. It is not easy to say where the paganism ends and the Christianity begins. The carols and the wassail, the prayers and the games, the generous hospitality, the hobble-horse and the Lord of Misrule, the Marian and Santa Claus, are a curious medley of the old and the new. As the religious thought of all ages and countries, when it reaches a certain elevation, flows into an expression which makes the Scriptures of the most divergent nations harmonious, the history of this happy festival is evidence of the common humanity of the earlier and later races; and the stranger in Bracebridge Hall, musing by the glowing hearth on Christmas eve, as he watches the rousing revelry beneath the glistening berries, and listens to the waifs cavorting outside in the moonlight, or as he is awakened on Christmas morning by the hushed patter of children's feet in the passage, and the shy music of children's voices at his door, may well seem to hear a more celestial strain, and to catch a deeper meaning in the words, "For Abraham was, I am."—[Harper's Magazine.

Driving With Oil.

Another homely illustration. I wanted to drive an iron bar through a piece of timber. I bored a hole of the right size, but the bar was rusty, and the hole was rough. I made slow progress, and was beginning to split the wood. Then I thought of the oil can. I oiled the bar; I poured oil into the hole, and a few blows of the hammer sent the iron into its place. The oil had not diminished the size of the bar, or enlarged that of the hole. It had only relieved the friction. It had smoothed both surfaces. A few drops of oil were more effective than many blows of the hammer. How slow some good people are to learn this simple lesson. They take hold of an important enterprise with great zeal. They are intensely earnest, and even morbidly conscientious. Everybody ought to see it just as they do, and whoever does not, is hammered at without mercy. Such uncharitable zeal provokes opposition. It excites all the friction of the natural heart. Men will not appreciate the truth presented when they are repelled by the spirit in which it is presented. Let the reformers be careful to have plenty of oil. Let him speak the truth in love.—[Dr. Babb.

PREACHING AS A CANDIDATE.—A clergyman was a candidate for lectureship in one of the old city churches of London. Desirous of giving a most favorable impression of the ingenuity with which he could torture a text to his own meaning, he took for his subject the word "but." This disjunctive conjunction led him to dwell upon the truth that there is no lot in life without its cross; "Naaman was a mighty and honorable man of valor, but he was a leper." "The five wicked cities were as fruitful as the garden of God; but the men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." "The inhabitants of Ai thought they had put the Israelites to flight; but they knew not that there were liars in wait behind the city"; and so on went the divine performance. After service, in the vestry, he was met by the chief trustee of the lectureship, who said to him, "Sir, it was a most ingenious discourse, and we are exceedingly obliged to you for it, but you are not the preacher that will do for us."—[Selected.

A SHARP ANSWER.—A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sabbath, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath-day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered the convert, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath-day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

A gentleman met an uncertain acquaintance, who said: "I'm a little short, and should like to ask you a conundrum in mental arithmetic." "Proceed," replied the gentleman. "Well," said the short man, "suppose you had \$10 in your pocket, and I should ask you for \$5. How much would remain?" "Ten dollars," was the prompt reply.

Theodore Hook once called upon an old lady who pressed him so urgently to dine with her, that as he had no management, he could not refuse. On sitting down the servant uncovered the dish, which contained two mutton chops, and the hostess said: "Mr. Hook, you see your dinner." "Thank you, ma'am, but where is yours?"

Rev. Dr. J. M. W. Farnham, Secretary of the Chinese Religious Tract Society, who can be addressed at Newton Centre, Mass., is about to publish a list of Chinese schools in this country. He hopes to secure a bond of union between them, making them mutually helpful.

The disciples returned to Jesus and told him all that they had done. This is a good rule for every minister and every Christian. Every night go to Christ and tell him what you have been doing during the day, and the motive which influenced your conduct.

The Reflex Power of the Pen.

The writer of this article was more than fifty years old before he made the discovery that his own pen was one of the most fruitful sources of personal information. This statement doubtless will strike every reader as paradoxical or egotistic. Many persons have learned in early life that the pen was one of the very best instruments for mental discipline. This is in accord with the exact etymology of the word "information," i.e., giving shape to what is within. Writing trains the mind to use its powers with success. Whoever will try to put a fresh thought into the minds of others by the use of words will find that the very effort will render the idea much clearer and more forcible to himself. And this accords with a second meaning of the word "information," i.e., to give organizing power to, or to animate the mental forces.

But the more common meaning of the word "inform" is to instruct, or convey knowledge. And just here is where the pen wields a marvelous reflex power. Who can read the "Pilgrim's Progress" in connection with the circumstances under which it was written and not feel sure that Bunyan gained stores of knowledge by the act of writing? And yet he drew the materials from the book mainly by pumping from the well of his own divine experience of immeasurable depth. The internal evidence of the book is sufficient to confirm his own statement, that he was indebted to no human aid. Did Bunyan put on paper what he did not know before he began to write? or did what was purely original come to him in the act of writing?

Robert Hall used to relate that sometimes, while in the act of preaching, thoughts would rush into his mind so new and precious to himself that, when he went home, he would, from memory, write them out for his own use.

Occasionally, as one is intently studying the Bible with pen in hand, the lines seem wide apart where no human comments have filled the hiatus, and by noting down what comes, the space begins to fill up with rich gems of practical instruction. We are not at all conscious that these new ideas come from any material or human source.

Instances have occurred, when I have been writing a sermon on some topic of fallow ground, when there would come a mental fulmination, tumbling into the mind whole bulks and trains of unheeded thought, and to my own soul, bright and precious as cargoes of gold. Where do these thoughts come from? Is it presumption to suppose that, while the pen holds the mind concentrated on some point of revealed truth, the Divine Spirit pours some new light on its hidden meaning?

The Geysers.

The Geysers, situated in Sonoma county, one hundred miles from San Francisco, were discovered in 1847, by a farmer, named W. B. Elliot, while hunting for bear. They are situated on the Little Pluton River, and number at least a hundred springs, of all shapes, colors, conditions and temperatures. Everything here seems to be owned and controlled by his Satanic majesty. The Devil's "Eye-water Spring," containing lime, alum, magnesia, etc., is supposed to be a remedy for weak or inflamed eyes. The guide allows us to sit in the Devil's "Armchair," and wish for anything we want. Near by is the Devil's "Inkstand," containing a fluid with which those who feel disposed can make their will before proceeding further. Ascending the steaming, sulphurous gorge we pass the "Hot Springs"—200 degrees Fahrenheit, the "Machine Shop," "Pluto's Punch Bowl," the "Wash Boiler"—212 degrees, and the "Witches Caldron," ten feet square, where an egg can be thoroughly cooked in three minutes. Passing on over heated ground and thick deposits of sulphur, salts, ammonia, tartaric acid, magnesia, etc., we reached the "Devil's Pulpit," two thousand feet above the level of the sea. We stand and overlook the ceaseless action, the roar, steam and bubbling of one hundred boiling medicated springs, while the steam rises one hundred feet above all. The air is impregnated with various odors, the gulch and mountain seem to be on fire.—[Morning Star.

It makes no difference whether a worm eats its way into a wooden cistern, or whether a hole is bored into it with a gimlet, or whether heat shrinks the stuff, its contents run out all the same; and no matter what it may be, anything that sets the nervous system a-leak will drain it dry speedily, and leave the man a wreck. As soon as a man has wasted with riotous living the substance that lies inside the brain and nervous system he is good for nothing. Yet I behold a great many men doing it. They will not rest Sundays, nor nights. They will not limit their industry within the circuit of their easy competence and power. They are over-ambitious. They chase the hours till they glow and burn. Although they have health and strength, and are conscious that they are virtuous, and are good citizens, and do not, so far as they are aware, break any canon of morality, yet they are violating the constitution of their being. They are wasting their whole nervous system, which is their very self. You may say that this is a clean mode of slaying a man's self; that it is white suicide. Yes, it is clean as compared with other modes of slaying one's self; nevertheless, it is suicide.

Dr. Abernethy used to say that the two great killing powers in the world are Stuff and Fret. Dr. Abernethy died many years ago, but the world has not changed much since his time. Stuff and Fret still stalk up and down in the earth, and great multitudes continue to succumb to their attacks.—[Ex.

Pray for patience; every day will bring something that will call for its exercise.—[St. Jerome.

The East and the West in Life.

For centuries it has been the instinct of men to turn to the East in worship. For centuries also it has been their instinct, when they sought a field of conquest, to turn to the West. To the one, men have looked for faith and hope and inspiration and knowledge; in the other, they have seen before them unsolved problems, and a land to be conquered and possessed.

Man is not only a combatant; he is a war in himself. He is an essential contradiction; a bundle of warring impulses. It is not without significance that, wandering ever toward the changing West, he yet must turn and face the changeless East in his moments of highest feeling; it is not meaningless that, looking hopefully and lovingly to the shining East, he yet must seek his appointed labor in the West, where the sun and the stars go out. In that East he finds the birthplace of his race and his religion; it is the land of poetry and faith, and Arcadian simplicity and quaint, old beauty; the very stories which he tells to his children have come down through many lands and many times from that primeval East. In the West he finds the hard and the practical—forests to cut down, rivers to ford, prairies to sow, deserts to redeem, houses to build, enemies to conquer. So he lives his two-fold life; a man of the East and a man of the West; a man of the past and a man of the present; a citizen of this world, and one owing allegiance to a higher world than this.

In this two-fold life of man is the secret of human greatness, and the secret also of human pain. So far as concerns a certain animal content, it might be better for man to be as the beasts that perish, free from the craving which bids him look to the East, and wait for the dawn; free from the hope which bids him watch for the uplifted sign of the Son of man. But being a man, he cannot be wholly free from the high unrest and deathless longings of a man. And for the same reason, he cannot wholly turn away from the work which lies before him in the West. He is not gifted with wings; his feet must rest on the ground. Bread and clothing are to be won for his body's needs; shelter must be provided for those whom he cherishes; other men are to be helped out of the "slough of despond" and the mire of sin, and he must work with willing hand and patient brain. He dare not be untrue to the East; he dare not be faithless to the West. To fail in his duty toward either, would be to proclaim himself so much the less a man.

This duality of human nature—this warring of the human soul within itself—makes conflict the natural condition of man. So long as one proves faithful to his own being, so long will he find himself in a straight between two, the high ideal East appealing to the one side of his nature, the stern and practical West appealing to the other, and each speaking with a voice that brooks no denial. It is no marvel that in this conflict of the ages men have attempted to gain peace and harmony by abolishing one side or the other of the problem. Some have turned away from the toilsome West, and sought, within cold, gray convent walls, or in some quiet oratory where the holy light falls dimly through windows pictured with saint and martyr, to cast from them forever the noises and the dust of the world, and so to attain to the blessed vision of God. Others have turned sadly from the East, counting faith a dream and hope a delusion, and have chosen for their lot the gold and iron and clay of earth. But neither of these win the peace they sought. The devotee, who is only a devotee, is tossed from ecstasy to temptation, and from temptation to ecstasy, achieving nothing, making no progress, and bereft of half of his life. And so it is with him who has chosen the practical and tangible only. He may fill his barns to overflowing; but half of his nature is unfed, and for all practical purposes he is a dead man as concerns the highest in himself.

Nor is peace to be found by seeking some middle way between the East and the West. A compromise has properly no place in God's universe. Soul and body are not brought into living union by inventing something between them—something which is neither soul nor body, but which partakes of the nature of both. They are only made one in something higher, which can contain both, without confounding either. So it is with the East and the West in life. He who has found peace is he who is faithful alike to East and to West, who performs bravely the work which is set before him in the world, and who yet forgets not the arching sky. "Blessed are the peace-makers," said Christ; "for they shall see God." Blessed are those who go down into the battle-fields of men, to plead for peace, and to take upon themselves the "redder's stroke in the fray," for, in so doing, they shall attain to that vision of God which lonely pietist and rapturist mystic have often sought in vain.

But to say that one wholly and solely devoted to the ideal, or one wholly and solely devoted to the practical, is living only in a half of his being, is but part of the truth. He cannot be wholly faithful to the practical West who is quite unfaithful to the spiritual East; nor can he be true to the spiritual who is false to the practical. Faithfulness to either is bound up in faithfulness to both; it has ever been the experience of men that he who does or thinks one thing only, never does or thinks that one thing as well as another who does and thinks that same thing and more besides. Destroy the sight of one eye, and it is pretty sure to affect the sight of the other; starve one whole side of your nature, and the other must suffer. Many an illiterate toiler is a rounder man than the cultivated specialist who has limited his whole being to one narrow groove of thought or action. The wagon will go higher than the flying kite, if the wagon is hitched to a star.

It is a very practical question this, regarding our relations to the East and the West in life. If it is true that to keep the ideal ever in view is to unsuit ourselves for the practical, we wish to know it, and to act in view of that knowledge. Or if, on the other hand, the least out-reaching to the practical finds its result in a dimmed spiritual vision, that also we want to be sure of. It is a question of, deepest earnestness this, whether we must sacrifice one part of our nature to obey the voices which call to us from two different sides. Much of one's efficiency here, and of one's preparedness for the hereafter, depends upon the answer.

God has not planted this divided nature and these diverse impulses in us without a purpose. God has willed that in ourselves we should have an example of how the apparent contradictions of nature are reconciled. The ideal finds its realization only in the practical; the practical finds its meaning only in the ideal. This is the New Testament doctrine of faith and works. Do, and you will believe; believe, and you will do—is the dual teaching which recurs in varied phrasing in Gospel and Epistle. The dawn comes as surely to him who has labored and waited as to him who has only waited; and it finds him a strong man, ready for his new duties, while the other has lost his vigor through inactivity. Often it may seem that in doing the practical work of the hour one is abandoning the ideal; but it is only in seeming, it is in that practical work that the ideal is to be found. Sometimes fidelity to the ideal may seem to imply failure in the practical; but this also is only seeming; for he only brings the practical to its highest possibilities, who has learned the secret of its meaning from the ideal. The East and the West may seem to be two; to the highest thought they are but one.

If, then, we would live the broad life which our nature makes possible for us, we must be quick and responsive to the calls which appeal to these two sides of our being. A two-fold life must be ours; the silence of a spirit at peace with God; and the noise and bustle of the crowded mart. For us are the quiet chambers of prayer, with their subdued light and their holy memories; for us, too, the battle-fields of life with their weary men and women, and their wounded, and their dead. It may be ours to win the blessedness of those who do, and suffer, and wait—who bind the wounds of the poor and forsaken, and who find with glad surprise that they have been binding the wounds of Christ. The way to that East, where are the springs of life, is through the tangled brushwood and the unbroken wilds of the West. Happy is the man who, when his work in the West is done, finds himself facing, with glad and steadfast eyes, the changeless glory of the East.

A Cat's Strategy.

In a certain doctor's family there is a cat—thought to be the smartest of its kind. Like other cats, he is fond of petting; but, unlike them, he wants to do it all himself. He will rub up against you, purring loudly, seemingly too happy to express himself.

But put out a hand to stroke him, or, that delight of cats! to scratch his head, and an ugly slap with his paw exhibits his displeasure. Yet he himself keeps on petting in his own way—jumping up into your lap and standing up to rub his head against your chin.

Cats have never been known to attend church services, as dogs sometimes do, but this cat takes an active interest in family prayers. Having been well brought up, he never expects to be fed until breakfast is finished and prayers are over. If, however, he thinks the family has sat long enough at the table, he taps his mistress on the arm and runs swiftly backwards upon his hind legs, and sits up like a kangaroo, begging. If he discovers that this has no effect, he jumps up on the little stand where the Bibles are kept, and pushes them off, one after another. The attention of the family is hereby drawn, and he is punished, but his end is gained; for the Bibles are handed to the different members of the family, and prayers begin.

Then he jumps upon the stand, sits upright with open eyes, a grave and solemn aspect, and utters not a sound during the reading and the prayer, until the doctor says "Amen." Before the word is finished, an imperative meow tells he well knows that his turn has come at last.—[Youth's Companion.

Oh, the mystery is to my mind so intensely wonderful and so sweet of God's Spirit dwelling at once in Christ and in us, so that we have literally actual, personal communion with the Father and with His Son, through the one spirit that dwells in us all. It would be frightful to dare to think or speak of it if it were not so plainly revealed; but now, I think, it is our privilege to know it, and our own fault if we do not, because God says he is willing to give the Holy Spirit to all that ask for it; and 1 Cor. ii: 9-16 teaches us what amazing things we may know if the Holy Spirit is our teacher.—[Adelaide Newton.

Though New York was evacuated by the British, November 25, 1783, their troops held possession of Governor's island in the harbor till December 3, when it was formally transferred to the American authorities. The anniversary was commemorated by a national salute of 21 guns, by order of Gen. Hancock.

The habit of religious dawdling is one of the worst forms of besetting sin. It stands in the way of every virtue.—[United Presbyterian.

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THE PACIFIC: SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The Children's Corner

The Origin of Christmas.

Christmas looks out at us from the dim shadows of the groves of the Druids who knew not Christ, and it is dear to those who know and revere the name of Christ. The Christmas log, which Herriek exhorts his merry, merry boys to bring with a noise to the fire, is but the Saxon Yule-log burning on the English hearth, and the blazing holiday temples of Saturn shine again in the illuminated Christian churches. It is the pagan mistletoe under which the Christian youth kisses the Christian maid. It is the holly of the old Roman Saturnalia which decorates Bracebridge Hall on Christmas eve. The huge smoking barrel of beef, the flowing oceans of ale, and the survivals of the tremendous eating and drinking of the Scandinavian Walhalla.

The Christian and ante-Christian feeling blend in the happy season, and the Christian observance mingles at every point with the pagan rites. It is not easy to say where the paganism ends and the Christianity begins. The carols and the wassail, the prayers and the games, the generous hospitality, the holly-horse and the Lord of Misrule, the Maiden and Santa Claus, are a curious medley of the old and the new. As the religious thought of all ages and countries, when it reaches a certain elevation, flows into an expression which makes the Scriptures of the most divergent nations harmonious, the history of this happy festival is evidence of the common humanity of the earlier and later races; and the stranger in Bracebridge Hall, nursing by the glowing hearth on Christmas eve, as he watches the company reveling beneath the gleaming berries, and listens to the wassailers outside in the moonlight, or as he is awakened on Christmas morning by the hushed patter of children's feet in the passage, and the shy music of children's voices at his door, may well seem to hear a more celestial strain, and to catch a deeper meaning in the words, "Before Abraham was, I am."—[Harper's Magazine.]

Driving With Oil.

Another homely illustration. I wanted to drive an iron bar through a piece of timber. I bored a hole of the right size, but the bar was rusty, and the hole was rough. I made slow progress, and was beginning to split the wood. Then I thought of the oil can. I oiled the bar; I poured oil into the hole, and a few blows of the hammer sent the iron into its place. The oil had not diminished the size of the bar, or enlarged that of the hole. It had only relieved the friction. It had smoothed both surfaces. A few drops of oil were more effective than many blows of the hammer. How slow some good people are to learn this simple lesson. They take hold of an important enterprise with great zeal. They are intensely earnest, and even morbidly conscientious. Everybody ought to see it just as they do, and whoever does not, is hampered at without mercy. Such uncharitable zeal provokes opposition. It excites all the friction of the natural heart. Men will not appreciate the truth presented when they are repelled by the spirit in which it is presented. Let the reformers be careful to have plenty of oil. Let him speak the truth in love. —[Dr. Babb.]

PREACHING AS A CANDIDATE.—A clergyman was a candidate for lectureship in one of the old city churches of London. Desirous of giving a most favorable impression of the ingenuity with which he could torture a text to his own meaning, he took for his subject the word "but." This disjunctive conjunction led him to dwell upon the truth that there is no lot in life without its cross; "Naaman was a mighty and honorable man of valor, but he was a leper." "The five wicked cities were as fruitful as the garden of God; but the men of Sodom were wicked, and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." "The inhabitants of Ai thought they had put the Israelites to flight; but they knew not that there were liars in wait behind the city"; and so on went the divine, probably well satisfied with his ingenious performance. After service, in the vestry, he was met by the chief trustee of the lectureship, who said to him, "Sir, it was a most ingenious discourse, and we are exceedingly obliged to you for it, but you are not the preacher that we do for us."—[Selected.]

A SHARP ANSWER.—A Syrian convert to Christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sabbath, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath-day, he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered the convert, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath-day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass."

A gentleman met an uncertain acquaintance, who said: "I'm a little short, and should like to ask you a conundrum in mental arithmetic." "Proceed," replied the gentleman. "Well," said the short man, "suppose you had \$10 in your pocket, and I should ask you for \$5. How much would remain?" "Ten dollars," was the prompt reply.

Theodore Hook once called upon an old lady who pressed him so urgently to stay and dine with her, that as he had no engagement, he could not refuse. On sitting down the servant uncovered the dish which contained two mutton chops, and the hostess said: "Mr. Hook, you see your dinner." "Thank you, ma'am, but there are yours."

Rev. Dr. J. M. W. Farnham, Secretary of the Chinese Religious Tract Society, who can be addressed at Newton Centre, Mass., is about to publish a list of Chinese schools in this country. He hopes to secure a bond of union between them, making them mutually helpful.

The disciples returned to Jesus and told him all that they had done. This is a good rule for every minister and every Christian. Every night go to Christ and tell him what you have been doing during the day, and the motive which influenced your conduct.

The Reflex Power of the Pen.

The writer of this article was more than fifty years old before he made the discovery that his own pen was one of the most fruitful sources of personal information. This statement doubtless will strike every reader as paradoxical or egotistic. Many persons have learned in early life that the pen was one of the very best instruments for mental discipline. This is in accord with the exact etymology of the word "information," i.e., giving shape to what is within. Writing trains the mind to use its powers with success. Whoever will try to put a fresh thought into the minds of others by the use of words will find that the very effort will render the idea much clearer and more forcible to himself. And this accords with a second meaning of the word "information," i.e., to give organizing power to, or to animate the mental forces.

But the more common meaning of the word "inform" is to instruct, or convey knowledge. And just here is where the pen wields a marvelous reflex power. Who can read the "Pilgrim's Progress" in connection with the circumstances under which it was written and not feel sure that Bunyan gained stores of knowledge by the act of writing? And yet he drew the materials from the book mainly by pumping from the well of his own divine experience of immeasurable depth. The internal evidence of the book is sufficient to confirm his own statement, that he was indebted to no human aid. Did Bunyan put on paper what he did not know before he began to write? or did what was purely original come to him in the act of writing?

Robert Hall used to relate that sometimes, while in the act of preaching, thoughts would rush into his mind so new and precious to himself that, when he went home, he would, from memory, write them out for his own use.

Occasionally, as one is intently studying the Bible with pen in hand, the lines seem wide apart where no human comments have filled the hiatus, and by noting down what comes, the space begins to fill up with rich gems of practical instruction. We are not at all conscious that these new ideas come from any material or human source.

Instances have occurred, when I have been writing a sermon on some topic of fallow ground, when there would come a mental fulmination, tumbling into the mind whole bulks and trains of unheard of thought, and to my own soul, bright and precious as cargoes of gold. Where do these thoughts come from? Is it presumption to suppose that, while the pen holds the mind concentrated on some point of revealed truth, the Divine Spirit pours some new light on its hidden meaning?

The Geysers.

The Geysers, situated in Sonoma county, one hundred miles from San Francisco, were discovered in 1847, by a farmer, named W. B. Elliot, while hunting for bear. They are situated on the Little Pluton River, and number at least a hundred springs, of all shapes, colors, conditions and temperatures. Everything here seems to be owned and controlled by his Satanic majesty. The Devil's "Eye-water Spring," containing lime, alum, magnesia, etc., is supposed to be a remedy for weak or inflamed eyes. The guide allows us to sit in the Devil's "Armchair," and wish for anything we want. Near by is the Devil's "Inkstand," containing a fluid with which those who feel disposed can make their will before proceeding further. Ascending the steaming, sulphurous gorge we pass the "Hot Springs"—200 degrees Fahrenheit, the "Machine Shop," "Pluto's Punch Bowl," the "Wash Boiler"—212 degrees, and the "Witches Caldron," ten feet square, where an egg can be thoroughly cooked in three minutes. Passing on over heated ground and thick deposits of sulphur, salts, ammonia, tartaric acid, magnesia, etc., we reached the "Devil's Pulpit," two thousand feet above the level of the sea. We stand and overlook the ceaseless action, the roar, steam and bubbling of one hundred boiling medicated springs, while the steam rises one hundred feet above all. The air is impregnated with various odors, the gulch and mountain seem to be on fire.—[Morning Star.]

It makes no difference whether a worm eats its way into a wooden cistern, or whether a hole is bored into it with a gimlet, or whether heat shrinks the stuff, its contents run out all the same; and no matter what it may be, anything that sets the nervous system a-leak will drain it dry speedily, and leave the man a wreck. As soon as a man has wasted with riotous living the substance that lies inside the brain and nervous system he is good for nothing. Yet I behold a great many men doing it. They will not rest Sundays, nor nights. They will not limit their industry within the circuit of their easy competence and power. They are over-ambitious. They chase the hours till they glow and burn. Although they have health and strength, and are conscious that they are virtuous, and are good citizens, and do not, so far as they are aware, break any canon of morality, yet they are violating the constitution of their being. They are wasting their whole nervous system, which is their very self. You may say that this is a clean mode of slaying a man's self; that it is white suicide. Yes, it is clean as compared with other modes of slaying one's self; nevertheless, it is suicide.

Dr. Abernethy used to say that the two great killing powers in the world are Stuff and Fret. Dr. Abernethy died many years ago, but the world has not changed much since his time. Stuff and Fret still stalk up and down in the earth, and great multitudes continue to succumb to their attacks.—[Ex.]

Pray for patience; every day will bring something that will call for its exercise. —[St. Jerome.]

The East and the West in Life.

For centuries it has been the instinct of men to turn to the East in worship. For centuries also it has been their instinct, when they sought a field of conquest, to turn to the West. To the one, men have looked for faith and hope and inspiration and knowledge; in the other, they have seen before them unsolved problems, and a land to be conquered and possessed.

Man is not only a combatant; he is a war in himself. He is an essential contradiction; a bundle of warring impulses. It is not without significance that, wandering ever toward the changing West, he yet must turn and face the changeless East in his moments of highest feeling; it is not meaningless that, looking hopefully and lovingly to the shining East, he yet must seek his appointed labor in the West, where the sun and the stars go out. In that East he finds the birthplace of his race and his religion; it is the land of poetry and faith, and Arcadian simplicity and quaint, old beauty; the very stories which he tells to his children have come down through many lands and many times from that primeval East. In the West he finds the hard and the practical—forests to cut down, rivers to ford, prairies to sow, deserts to redeem, houses to build, enemies to conquer. So he lives his two-fold life; a man of the East and a man of the West; a man of the past and a man of the present; a citizen of this world, and one owing allegiance to a higher world than this.

In this two-fold life of man is the secret also of human greatness, and the secret also of human pain. So far as concerns a certain animal content, it might be better for man to be as the beasts that perish, free from the craving which bids him look to the East, and wait for the dawn; free from the hope which bids him watch for the uplifted sign of the Son of man. But being a man, he cannot be wholly free from the high unrest and deathless longings of a man. And for the same reason, he cannot wholly turn away from the work which lies before him in the West. He is not gifted with wings; his feet must rest on the ground. Bread and clothing are to be won for his body's needs; shelter must be provided for those whom he cherishes; other men are to be helped out of the "slough of despond" and the mire of sin, and he must work with willing hand and patient brain. He dare not be untrue to the East; he dare not be faithless to the West. To fail in his duty toward either, would be to proclaim himself so much the less a man.

This duality of human nature—this warring of the human soul within itself—makes conflict the natural condition of man. So long as one proves faithful to his own being, so long will he find himself in a straight between two, the high ideal East appealing to the one side of his nature, the stern and practical West appealing to the other, and each speaking with a voice that brooks no denial. It is no marvel that in this conflict of the ages men have attempted to gain peace and harmony by abolishing one side or the other of the problem. Some have turned away from the toilsome West, and sought, within cold, gray convent walls, or in some quiet oratory where the holy light falls dimly through windows pictured with saint and martyr, to cast from them forever the noises and the dust of the world, and so to attain to the blessed vision of God. Others have turned sadly from the East, counting faith a dream and hope a delusion, and have chosen for their lot the gold and iron and clay of earth. But neither of these win the peace they sought. The devotee, who is only a devotee, is tossed from ecstasy to temptation, and from temptation to ecstasy, achieving nothing, making no progress, and bereft of half of his life. And so it is with him who has chosen the practical and tangible only. He may fill his barns to overflowing; but half of his nature is unfed, and for all practical purposes he is a dead man as concerns the highest in himself.

Nor is peace to be found by seeking some middle way between the East and the West. A compromise has properly no place in God's universe. Soul and body are not brought into living union by inventing something between them—something which is neither soul nor body, but which partakes of the nature of both. They are only made one in something higher, which can contain both, without confounding either. So it is with the East and the West in life. He who has found peace is he who is faithful alike to East and to West, who performs bravely the work which is set before him in the world, and who yet forgets not the arching sky. "Blessed are the peace-makers," said Christ; "for they shall see God." Blessed are those who go down into the battle-fields of men, to plead for peace, and to take upon themselves the "redder's stroke in the fray," for, in so doing, they shall attain to that vision of God which lonely pietist and rapturous mystic have often sought in vain.

But to say that one wholly and solely devoted to the ideal, or one wholly and solely devoted to the practical, is living only in a half of his being, is but part of the truth. He cannot be wholly faithful to the practical West who is quite unfaithful to the spiritual East; nor can he be true to the spiritual who is false to the practical. Faithfulness to either is bound up in faithfulness to both; it has ever been the experience of men that he who does or thinks one thing only, never does or thinks that one thing as well as another who does and thinks that same thing and more besides. Destroy the sight of one eye, and it is pretty sure to affect the sight of the other; starve one whole side of your nature, and the other must suffer. Many an illiterate toiler is a rounder man than the cultivated specialist who has limited his whole being to one narrow groove of thought or action. The wagon will go higher than the flying kite, if the wagon is hitched to a star.

It is a very practical question this, regarding our relations to the East and the West in life. If it is true that to keep the ideal ever in view is to unsuit ourselves for the practical, we wish to know it, and to act in view of that knowledge. Or if, on the other hand, the least out-reaching to the practical finds its result in a dimmed spiritual vision, that also we want to be sure of. It is a question, of deepest earnestness this, whether we must sacrifice one part of our nature to the other, or whether it is possible to obey the voices which call to us from two different sides. Much of one's efficiency here, and of one's preparedness for the hereafter, depends upon the answer.

God has not planted this divided nature and these diverse impulses in us without a purpose. God has willed that in ourselves we should have an example of how the apparent contradictions of nature are reconciled. The ideal finds its realization only in the practical; the practical finds its meaning only in the ideal. This is the New Testament doctrine of faith and works. Do, and you will believe; believe, and you will do—is the dual teaching which recurs in varied phrasing in Gospel and Epistle. The dawn comes as surely to him who has labored and waited as to him who has only waited; and it finds him a strong man, ready for his new duties, while the other has lost his vigor through inactivity. Often it may seem that in doing the practical work of the hour one is abandoning the ideal; but it is only in seeming, it is in that practical work that the ideal is to be found. Sometimes fidelity to the ideal may seem to imply failure in the practical; but this also is only seeming; for he only brings the practical to its highest possibilities, who has learned the secret of its meaning from the ideal. The East and the West may seem to be two; to the highest thought they are but one.

If, then, we would live the broad life which our nature makes possible for us, we must be quick and responsive to the calls which appeal to these two sides of our being. A two-fold life must be ours; the silence of a spirit at peace with God; and the noise and bustle of the crowded mart. For us are the quiet chambers of prayer, with their subdued light and their holy memories; for us, too, the battle-fields of life with their weary men and women, and their wounded, and their dead. It may be ours to win the blessedness of those who do, and suffer, and wait—who bind the wounds of the poor and forsaken, and who find with glad surprise that they have been binding the wounds of Christ. The way to that East, where are the springs of life, is through the tangled brushwood and the unbroken wilds of the West. Happy is the man who, when his work in the West is done, finds himself facing, with glad and steadfast eyes, the changeless glory of the East.

A Cat's Strategy.

In a certain doctor's family there is a cat—thought to be the smartest of its kind. Like other cats, he is fond of petting; but, unlike them, he wants to do it all himself. He will rub up against you, purring loudly, seemingly too happy to express himself.

But put out a hand to stroke him, or that delight of cats! to scratch his head, and an ugly slap with his paw exhibits his displeasure. Yet he himself keeps on petting in his own way—jumping up into your lap and standing up to rub his head against your chin.

Cats have never been known to attend church services, as dogs sometimes do, but this cat takes an active interest in family prayers. Having been well brought up, he never expects to be fed until breakfast is finished and prayers are over. If, however, he thinks the family has sat long enough at the table, he taps his mistress on the arm and runs swiftly backwards upon his hind legs, and sits up like a kangaroo, begging. If he discovers that this has no effect, he jumps up on the little stand where the Bibles are kept, and pushes them off, one after another. The attention of the family is hereby drawn, and he is punished, but his end is gained; for the Bibles are handed to the different members of the family, and prayers begun.

Then he jumps upon the stand, sits upright with open eyes, a grave and solemn aspect, and utters not a sound during the reading and the prayer, until the doctor says "Amen." Before the word is finished, an imperative meow tells he well knows that his turn has come at last.—[Youth's Companion.]

Oh, the mystery is to my mind so intensely wonderful and so sweet of God's Spirit dwelling at once in Christ and in us, so that we have literally actual, personal communion with the Father and with His Son, through the one spirit that dwells in us all. It would be frightful to dare to think or speak of it if it were not so plainly revealed; but now, I think, it is our privilege to know it, and our own fault if we do not, because God says he is willing to give the Holy Spirit to all that ask for it; and 1 Cor. ii: 9-16 teaches us what amazing things we may know if the Holy Spirit is our teacher.—[Adelaide Newton.]

Though New York was evacuated by the British, November 25, 1783, their troops held possession of Governor's island in the harbor till December 3, when it was formally transferred to the American authorities. The anniversary was commemorated by a national salute of 21 guns, by order of Gen. Hancock.

The habit of religious dawdling is one of the worst forms of besetting sin. It stands in the way of every virtue.—[United Presbyterian.]

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Selected grain, all hulls, cracked, and impurities removed. CRUSHED, STEAM COOKED AND DESICCATED. Patented. Prepared, as wanted, for the table, in ten minutes. Saving money. Saving fuel. Saving time. Saving waste. Saving health. Easy to digest, being already thoroughly cooked.

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The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WASHINGTON, December 31st.—It is estimated that the reduction of the public debt for December will be about \$12,000,000.

Mr. Lowell, the American Minister, has formally accepted the rectorship of St. Andrews University, Scotland, to which he was recently elected.

It is estimated by the Santa Barbara Independent that 300 gallons of olives per month are consumed in that town alone, the Mission olive being preferred.

There are about seventeen thousand dentists in the United States; and they pack into the teeth of American people, says the Cleveland Herald, a ton of pure gold every year.

Ireland last year had a population of 5,097,853. The excess of deaths over births was 34,148, and besides this, statistics show that the Emerald Isle lost nearly 100,000 by emigration.

Jesse Wood, who has been publishing the Chico Enterprise for the past year, has withdrawn from that journal and purchased the Oroville Mercury. Ed Hoole resumes management of the Enterprise.

NEW YORK, December 31st.—The business failures in the United States during 1883, reported by Dunn & Co., number 9,184, against 6,738 in 1882—an increase of 2,446. The liabilities for 1883 are \$172,000,000, against \$101,000,000 for 1882.

NEW YORK, December 28th.—An excursion party has just started from Boston for California on a train of Pullman cars numbering 137 persons; mostly from New England. Two months will be spent in Monterey. The travelers will return in April, May and June.

An English mechanic has invented a horseshoe composed of three thicknesses of cowhide compressed into a steel mold, and subjected to a chemical preparation. It will last longer than the common shoe, weighs only one-fourth as much, does not split the hoofs, requires no calks, and is very elastic.

The Real Estate Circular published by Thomas Magee furnishes an interesting review of the real-estate transactions for the year just closed, from which the following statistics are gathered: Number of real-estate sales within the city and county of San Francisco in round numbers, 2,700, aggregating about \$16,000,000, against 2,385 sales in 1882, aggregating \$15,127,750.

The Government of France offers a prize of 50,000 francs for the discovery that shall enable electricity to be applied economically in any one of the following directions: As a source of heat, of light, of chemical action, of mechanical power, as a means of the transmission of intelligence, or the treatment of disease—the prize being open to all nationalities, and to be awarded in December, 1887.

The cost of a good church paper is less than one cent a day, and yet many persons say they are too poor to pay for it. They will spend ten times the cost of a religious paper, and more, for useless and harmful luxuries or trifles, and yet they are too poor to pay for their church paper, which would repay them and their families a thousand-fold its cost, in pleasure, instruction and mental and moral culture.—[Exchange.]

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.—The dates and places of holding the Republican National Conventions since the organization of the party are as follows: June 17, 1856, Philadelphia; May 17, 1860, Chicago; June 7, 1864, Baltimore; May 20, 1868, Chicago; June 5, 1872, Philadelphia; June 14, 1876, Cincinnati; June 2, 1880, Chicago; June 3, 1884, Chicago. Including the Convention of 1884, one-half the Conventions of the party will have been held in Chicago.

SALT LAKE, December 31st.—The Tribune's annual report upon Utah and adjoining Territories shows increased prosperity and growth. The total bullion product of the Pacific coast is placed at \$65,000,000. Utah produced \$8,000,000 the past year. The total for the Territory since the opening of the mines by the Gentiles is \$70,000,000. Utah's population is 28,000, an increase of 7,000 since 1880. New buildings erected in the city the past year, 900, costing \$1,500,000. Miles of railroad constructed, 143. Mormon emigrants for the year, 3,000. Assessed valuation of the Territory, \$30,000,000.

The Indian Messenger for October 21st says: "We are exceedingly sorry to learn that Babu Keshub Chunder Sen is still ailing at Cawnpore. In his journey down to Calcutta, he has been obliged, on account of extreme weakness, to halt at Cawnpore, where his disease has shown no signs of improvement. One thing seems to be evident. His constitution is no longer able to bear the great mental strain which the increasing cares of his church entail on him. Complete retirement from all active duties for at least two years is what he absolutely needs, and what his medical advisers and friends should urge upon him."

London has fourteen terminal railway stations from which no fewer than 2,202 trains depart daily. Nearly 1,600 of those leave between 10 A. M. and 10 P. M.; 320 trains leave daily from one station. Referring to the underground railway, this wonderful line forms a complete belt, or inner circle, around the whole of the inner part of London. Between Farringdon and Moorgate streets 568 trains run every week day—nearly twenty-four trains an hour, or one nearly every three minutes. The Metropolitan Underground Railway Company conveys about 70,000,000 passengers annually, or 1,500,000 per week. Great and mighty are thy works, oh London.—[Detroit Free Press.]

Sunday-School Lesson for Jan. 13, 1884.

James i: 16-27.

BY REV. IVAN M. MARTY.

Hearing and Doing.

Golden Text.—"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only." (v. 22.)

Who was James, the author of this epistle? The question has been the subject of countless theories and endless discourses, arising, in main, out of desire to substantiate the tradition of the perpetual virginity of Mary. But the best modern interpreters, including Neander, Meyer, Alford, Schaff and Farrar, basing their judgment on the plain interpretation of Scripture, make our James not one of the two apostles known by that name, but in reality the son of Mary and Joseph, the half-brother of Jesus.

His character shows deep traces of the influence of that wonderful companionship; tradition says that like John the Baptist, he was a Nazarene; he was devoted to the law of his fathers. At first he had little sympathy with the teachings of our Lord, perhaps a natural consequence of his purity and legal rectitude as a Nazarene. After the resurrection, our Lord revealed himself to him, and thenceforward James was "the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ." He was a Christian, but yet a Jew, punctilious in observing all the law.

His force and integrity of character, his practical wisdom, his truly Jewish piety, won him the highest respect in all Jerusalem, made him head of the Church of Christ therein, and gave him the virtual power of an apostle. To the indignation of all good Jews he was stoned to death at the command of the High Priest, about the year sixty-three.

The epistle of James is addressed to the dispersed Jews, probably not to Christians alone, but to all Jews with whom his standing in Jerusalem would give him influence. He speaks, as it were, the last of the prophets, persuading, commanding holiness of life. He has little to say of Christian doctrine, nor, like Paul, does he ground his precepts thereupon, and yet he plainly presupposes it.

His epistle shows what a busy, purifying thing true faith must be, and how it must work in the heart, and in the world by love. Herder is quoted as saying, "What a noble man speaks in this epistle! Deep, unbroken patience in suffering! Greatness in poverty! Joy in sorrow! Simplicity, sincerity, firm, direct confidence in prayer! Discipline of heavenly wisdom! How he wants action! not words, not (dead, intellectual) faith, but free action, perfect, noble action according to the royal law of the spirit, the free—the purified Pharisee—the Christian." Proverbs, Job, Ecclesiastics, and particularly the Sermon on the Mount seem to have influenced his thought. Yet he speaks with independence, burning earnestness, and with authority, as one whose life justified his words.

EXPOSITION.

V. 16. He continues the thought of the preceding verses. God sends trials of our faith, but never temptations to sin. Do not be deceived into thinking that if you sin it is his fault. Only good gifts are from Him. He is the father of all lights, physical and spiritual. His sun of righteousness never turns to a setting, thereby casting darkness of evil upon men. If ever any shadow comes between us and Him, do not err by thinking that it is cast by Him; it is the dark, separating cloud that rises from our sinful hearts.

V. 18. All that is good in us is from Him. In His sovereign grace and love He gave us the revealing Word, through which we are born into a new life, and made, as it were, fruits to God, first not merely in time, but in importance and honor.

V. 19. "Wherefore" the Revised Version translates, "ye know this." The new birth into the kingdom, by grace through faith in the Word, lies at the very beginning of all Christian doctrine. ye know this, but it calls for more than intellectual belief; it calls for practical fruit in life; for the obedient heart, swift and eager to hear the divine command; for earnestness and weight of thought that does not rush into empty words for consideration charity.

V. 21. Impurity and ebullitions of passions will destroy the seed of God implanted in the heart. Meekness is the soil favorable to its growth and fruitfulness. We naturally think of the parable of the sower.

V. 22. The mere hearer is the man of the parable, who listens with interest, approval, joy. The seed springs up quickly with splendid promise, but soon withers. No depth of purpose, no overmastering determination to act controls him. His religion is a form, a semblance; it has no life in it; no possibility of further growth of fruit. It is a lamp without oil; it is a home on the flood-tossed sands.

V. 23. Such hearers may listen again and again with interest, but it has no effect whatever on their lives. They are like the man that glances into the mirror, turns away, and immediately forgets the defects in form and dress thereby revealed, and takes no pains to remedy them. But whose looks and continues looking into the perfect law of Christ, the pure law of love, will find it a divine mirror that shows him what he is, and what he ought to be. The law of Christ becomes a constant monitor within him, urging him to unwearied endeavor in holy action; thus God works in him and he works out his own salvation, blessed in the doing.

V. 26. The sincerity of the creed is proved in the deed. God reads directly the heart of every man, while we can determine the reality or vanity of the professions of ourselves and of others only by the fruit produced.

Wrathful passion rushing unchecked

into malicious utterance is not a fruit of the implanted Word. He who does not see their utter contradiction is deceived. He may conclude that seeds of evil, not of God, are maturing within him. Pure religion and undefiled in the sight of our God and Father does not manifest itself in bigotry, in bitterness and wrathful zeal against heretics, but in spotless purity of life, and in deeds of helpful love to the needy.

SUMMARY OF LESSONS.

The origin of evil is not in God. We cannot cast upon Him blame for our sin, reproach for the weakness of our wills, and for the strength of our temptations. Only good can come from the good; there is no darkness in the Father of light to ray evil upon us.

He gives us not every blessing, but the richest gifts and the best boons he has. He gives us the Word that is able to save our souls. He gives us the "unspeakable gift."

The new birth is the spring of all pure morality and practical holiness of life. We find "Ye must be born again," even in James.

Let all who profess the name of Christ depart from iniquity. The new birth means a new life. The new life of freedom from impurity and passion is the sign of the new birth into the kingdom of the sons of God.

Christ wants doers, not hearers; workers, not dreamers; Christian progress, not dead orthodoxy; practical charity, not zealous bigotry; creeds that live in deeds of love.

While some line-men were stretching a telephone line across Fourteenth street, New York, on Saturday last, the line broke, an end fell into the street, part of it crossing one of the Brush electric-light wires. The end fell upon a team of horses attached to a coal cart, and both animals fell to the street severely shocked. The driver caught the wire to put it away, when he too was prostrated. The presence of mind of a passer-by, who folded a rubber coat and made an insulator, relieved the horses.

The country for the poor man, says our consul, is Mexico. The laborer can put up his house for nothing, because the woods produce all he wants, the forks of trees for supports, bamboos to form the walls and sides, vines to tie all together, grass and palm for the roof. No nails, bolts, hinges, screws, locks, or anything else is required; and, with mud-plastered walls and a little whitewash, he has a comfortable, neat house. His clothing is inexpensive, for he needs only summer clothes of flannel.

Mrs. Eliza B. Anderson, the widow of General Robert Anderson, recovered \$11,032.20 as damages in the Supreme Court, New York, in her suit against the Continental Insurance Company for loss upon her furniture and library, which were stored in the Morrell storehouse when it was destroyed by fire on Oct. 10, 1881, and on which she had \$10,000 of insurance.

The Herald claims that the growth of the population of Los Angeles is repeating the example of Kansas City in the decade between 1860 and 1870, and is more than distancing Denver in the decade between 1870 and 1880.

PRICES CURRENT.

Silver, \$1.10 1/2 per oz., 1000 fine; silver, 925 fine. 51 per oz.

COMMERCIAL

FLOUR—Best brands of City Extra, \$5.75 to 6.00; medium grades, \$4.85 to 5.37 1/2; Shipping Superior, \$4.50 to 4.75.

WHEAT—\$1.77 1/2 to 1.80 per cwt.

BARLEY—Feed, \$1.02 1/2 to \$1.05.

OATS—No. 1, \$1.60 to 1.65.

FEED—Bran, \$15@15.50; ground barley, \$24 to 25; middlings, \$19 to \$23; oil-cake, \$30.00 per ton.

POTATOES—40c to \$1.10 per cwt.

EGGS—Lemons, \$6.50 to 7.00 per box for Sicily; Bananas, 1.75 to \$4 per bunch; Cal. Oranges \$2.00 to 5.00 per box; Strawberries, \$5 to 10 per chest; Apples, 50c to \$2.00 per box; Pears, 75c to \$2.00 per box;

VEGETABLES—Cabbage, 60 to 75 per cwt.; Cauliflower, \$1 to 1.50 per doz; Turnips, 75c to \$1 per cwt.

HAY—\$8.50 to 14.50 for all grades. Straw, 50 to 60c per bale.

BUTTER—Choice, Cal. 32 1/2 to 35c.

CHEESE—Cal. 17 to 19c choice.

EGGS—35 to 37 1/2c per doz for Cal.

HONEY—Strained, 6c to 7 1/2c for white.

BEEF—8 1/2c to 9 1/2c first quality; 6 1/2c to 7c for third.

MUTTON—Wethers, 5c to 5 1/2c; Ewes, 4c to 4 1/2c.

LAMB—7 to 8c.

PORK—Live hogs, 5 1/2c to 6c for hard grain hogs on foot; dressed, 7 1/2c to 8c.

WOOL—8c to 17c.

HIDES AND SKINS—Sheep skins, 20c to 25c for shearings; 30c to 50c for short; 50c to 75c for medium; 90c to \$1.25 for long wool skins.

Training-school for nurses connected with Pacific Dispensary Hospital for women and children, Nos. 221, 223 Thirteenth street, San Francisco.

The Directors would announce that this school is in successful operation, ranking in every respect with Eastern and European training-schools.

Applicants must be from twenty-one to thirty-five years of age, fairly educated, of sound health, and good moral character. A probation of one month, without expense to applicant, is required, at the end of which time, if satisfactory qualifications are shown, the pupil is registered for the two years' course, receiving ten dollars per month with which to provide clothing, books and incidentals. This sum is in no wise regarded as wages, the training received being considered a full equivalent for services rendered. Pupils are instructed clinically and in lectures on: Dressing of wounds, burns, etc., leeches, poultices, minor dressings, bandages, ventilation, preparation of food, care of beds, of convalescents, etc., etc.

There is an increase of salary the second year at the discretion of the Directors. Nurses are supplied to families from the training-school, the fees accruing to the hospital; the experience gained in this way is considered invaluable to students.

For further particulars apply to Mrs. W. B. Harrington, President Pacific Dispensary Hospital, 820 Sutter street.

Publishers' Department.

Entered at the postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

The subscription Price of THE PACIFIC is \$2.50 in advance—which includes the payment of the postage by us.

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We will send the PACIFIC one year (price \$2.50 a year) to any new subscriber, or to any old subscriber renewing in advance, with any of the following publications, for the price named in the second column. The price in the first column is that of the publication named alone. Each column includes prepaid postage. After the receipt of the first copy of any publication, complaints, if necessary, should be sent to the office where it is printed.

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The courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

THE PACIFIC will be sent free for one year to any person sending the names of three new subscribers, with the money.

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Payment for THE PACIFIC, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter to THE PACIFIC. All postmasters are required to register letters whenever requested to do so.

The date against your name on the label of your paper shows to what time your subscription is paid.

The publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid. Always give the name of the Postoffice to which your paper is sent.

New subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

We bespeak the attention of our readers to our advertising columns. Our advertisers are our friends. They help us to publish our paper. They are also the friends of our subscribers, because without their patronage we could not furnish THE PACIFIC at the low price for which it is now offered. We want our advertising friends to find that it pays to make their business known through our columns. We can do this if our readers will give a share of their patronage to those who are thus assisting us.

The Continent Magazine has been signaling its removal to New York by the issue of several unusually attractive numbers, in every way worthy of emanating from the metropolis. The first number bearing the new imprint offers some amendments to the Philadelphia home of the Continent in an appreciative article on "The Mission of Great Art Schools," in which the career of the Philadelphia Academy is made a model, the illustrations being reproductions of paintings by Philadelphia artists abroad. The career of "Rob-in Hood" is handsomely illustrated by Howard Pyle. The Continent seems to have struck a new vein of prosperity, to which its labors in behalf of good reading entitle it.

David C. Cook, the well-known Sunday-school publisher, has given a \$2,500 Cottrell steam printing press to the American Mission Publishing House of India. This Cottrell machine will be the first and only machine, except the ones used for English Government purposes, and will be of the same make as those in the Government Printing Office at Washington and Mr. Cook's establishment.

The machine will soon be on its way and serving the missions of various denominations.—[Chicago Evening Journal.]

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For the half year ending December 31st, 1883, the Board of Directors of THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of four and thirty-two one hundredths (4 32/100) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of three and six tenths (3 6/10) per cent. per annum, payable on and after the 22d day of January, 1884.

By Order,

GEO. LETTIE, Secretary

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The Pacific, A WEEKLY RELIGIOUS AND FAMILY PAPER, was first issued in August, 1851, the Rev. J. W. Douglas being its editor and proprietor. Till 1864 it was published in behalf of the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches jointly; after that, it was published in the interest of the General Association of California, by a committee of ministers and laymen, edited by a committee of ministers, until 1879. It is now owned and published by "THE PUBLISHING COMPANY OF THE PACIFIC,"—an Incorporated Company. The Directors for 1882-3 are: S. S. Smith, A. P. Flint, W. M. Searby, I. P. Rankin, S. F. Buford, S. A. Chapin, and John Kimball.

The Pacific.

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FOREFATHERS' DAY SUPPLEMENT.

WHOLE No. 1652.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JANUARY 2, 1883.

VOL. XXXIII. . . No. 1

Forefathers' Day.

Celebration of the Day by the
Congregational Club of San
Francisco, Cal.

Forefathers' Day, Dec. 21st, bringing with it gentle showers for present and future good to California, came in due time, not only to the "Sons of Renowned Sires" in particular, but to the republic of "commonwealths" in general. It came with grand memories of the fathers and mothers who "landed" at Plymouth Rock 263 years ago.

To commemorate the event, THE CONGREGATIONAL CLUB of San Francisco, with their guest, met in the "meeting-house" of the First Congregational church, corner Post and Mason Sts., Friday, Dec. 21st, 5 o'clock P. M., some 120 strong.

The Club is yet in its infancy—only two months old—and is composed of members of Congregational churches and congregations, not only of San Francisco and immediate vicinity, but of the State as well. Though largely made up of the descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans, it is by no means limited to them. In its organization, Rev. C. D. Barrows, D. D., pastor of the First church, of this city, was a leading spirit, giving to it much of time, personal attention and the benefit of knowledge and experience derived from membership in the Boston Club. As a mark of appreciation of services rendered, as well as fitness for the office, Dr. Barrows was unanimously chosen the First President of the Club, for the year ending October, 1884. In all other respects the Club is well and strongly officered, the Vice-Presidents being Rev. J. K. McLean, D. D., and Prof. M. Kellogg; Secretary, S. M. Bufford, Esq.; Treasurer, J. S. Hutchinson. Executive Committee, Ira P. Rankin, Chas. B. Parcells, and Rev. W. Frear. Nominating Committee, C. S. Eaton, J. H. Warren and Geo. Moorar, D. D. Membership of the Club is limited to one hundred, which number is already nearly made up. The large lay element, representing eleven different churches and congregations, shows that the object for which the Club is formed is in a fair way of being accomplished, which is "to encourage among the members of our churches and congregations a more friendly and intimate acquaintance; to secure concert of action, and to promote general interests of Congregationalism."

For the promotion of these objects, the meeting on Forefathers' Day was auspicious and stimulating.

The large lecture-room of the church was tastefully ornamented with evergreens, and the tables for the feast handsomely arranged for the social as well as festive accommodation of members and their guests. Fortunate were those members who, with wife or daughter, were able to enjoy the occasion, filled as it was with rare delight and profit.

The Ladies' Parlor received all comers, and in them, for upwards of an hour, "the at-home feeling" made all glad to be there. Greetings and welcomes, introductions and recognitions, gave no time or scope for long faces, but all was bright and merry as glad hearts could wish.

Now came the summons to the tables, and without crowding or crushing, all were comfortably seated and ready for duty. At the President's table sat the invited guests of the Club, among whom were Rev. Dr. Abbot, of Oakland, representing our Baptist friends; Rector W. L. Githens, Episcopalian; Rev. Dr. H. Stebbins, Unitarian, Rev. A. L. Fiske, Presbyterian.

President Barrows called on Dr. Warren to invoke the blessing, and this was followed by diligent attention to the tables, which were supplied with a fare more plenty and toothsome than even the Christmas dinner of 1620, which the Forefathers enjoyed. The feast was ended with the song, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," etc.

High cheer, which had the flavor of miracle, was added by the exchange of telegrams across the continent, to and from similar clubs in Chicago and Boston, somewhat after this sort:

"REV. DR. GILBERT, Chicago: Congregational Club observes Forefathers' Day with elaborate exercises. New England sends greeting to her Eastern sisters. The dawning of the orient at Plymouth Rock is reflected in the occidental splendors at the Golden Gate."

"C. D. BARROWS, Pres. San Francisco Cong. Club."

To which the response came:

"The Congregational Club of Chicago return brotherly greeting to the Pilgrim

Club of San Francisco. Proud of our common inheritance with you.

"SIMEON GILBERT."

To Boston word was sent: "Congregational Club observes Forefathers' Day with appropriate exercises. The San Francisco child sends loving greeting to its Boston mother. Golden Gate and Plymouth Rock clasp hands across the continent. C. D. BARROWS, Pres. San Francisco Cong. Club."

Boston replied: "C. D. BARROWS, Pres. Cong. Club: The mother glories in the prosperity of her daughter of the Golden Gate, and sends her heartiest greetings, and joins with you in rejoicing that the influence of Plymouth Rock has extended so far, and is yet destined to reach the remotest corners of the earth."

"JAMES T. C. HYDE, Pres. Boston Cong. Club."

Then came the "feast of reason and flow of soul." In introducing it, President Barrows struck the keynote of the occasion in brief and royal words. "My friends," he said, "the ceaseless turning of the mill of time that never for an hour stands still, has ground out the 263d anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. We stand to-night, in memory, on Plymouth Rock, that became to the feet of the Forefathers as a door-step into a world unknown—the corner-stone of a nation."

"We welcome you, in the name of the Pilgrims, to their landing place in remembrance to-night, and to the memories of 'Auld Lang Syne,' which this occasion awakens. We find our names inscribed, if we write them in the Pilgrim catalogue, upon a tablet where are found, 'not philosophers nor poets; not scientists nor theologians, in any distinctive sense, but those who, deeply read in the oracles of God, were registered for time and for eternity as the heralds of accomplishments and dignities beyond the appreciation of the world.'"

"Well said is it, that 'if their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge of the Pilgrim Colonies. Their palaces were houses not made with hands—their diadems, crowns of glory, which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure; eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles, by the right of an earlier creation; priests, by the imposition of a mightier hand. The years that have revolved have been the perennial well of moral life, from which have come the flowing streams which have made fruitful the further thought and deed of their children."

"Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and died; In the broad river ebb and flowed the tide; Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea, And the slow years sailed by, and ceased to be."

"Nay, not ceased to be, for shooting with their eternal light across New England's life, over the western prairie, up and down the mountain and the valley, the Pilgrim thought, the Pilgrim enterprise, the Pilgrim courage and the Pilgrim consecration, have founded this Pacific stretch by the ocean and the bay. As we stand on tiptoe to-night to look into that future, we can almost feel that we are halting upon that completed plane of life, where the fellowships of earth have no past and no future; where time shall have no separations; where amid intercourse unbroken and memories radiant we shall be conscious that to our human living and human achievement 'there is no more sea.' But, my friends, an address is not my province to-night, though, as we look into each other's faces on this festive eve, we may each feel stirred to speech and praise. This company, however, is assembled for a more elaborately arranged thought, to which these few words may serve as only a poor preface. We can say with Holmes:

"New England, we love thee,
No time can erase
From the hearts of thy children
The smile on thy face;
We should like to talk big,
It's a kind of a right,
When the tongue has got loose,
And the waist-band grown tight;
Enough! there are gentlemen
Waiting to talk,
Whose words are to mine,
As the flower to the stalk."

"I have the pleasure of introducing a New England representative to-night, Prof. George Moorar, to whose address we shall now have the honor of listening."

Dr. Moorar was greeted with applause and on rising took up his task and read a paper which we venture to say will rank

with any that may have been prepared for similar occasions east of the mountains, as our readers will see for themselves.

[For Dr. Moorar's address the reader is referred to the regular issue of THE PACIFIC of Jan 2, 1883.—ED.]

After the hearty applause endorsing the sentiments of the essay had quieted, Dr. Barrows introduced the poem, if not the poet of the evening, by saying Emerson has said "that the sign and credentials of the Poet are, that he announces that which no man foretold. He is the true and only Doctor—he knows and tells. He is the only teller of news, for he was present and privy to the appearance which he describes. Such are

"Olympian bards who sing Divine ideas below,
Which always finds us young and always keeps us so."

"To such a bard we are now to listen, one whom we all delight to honor as a representative of a late civilization; the perfect fruit of a ripe age."

"We had hoped to have with us to-night Rev. Dr. Stone, but to our great disappointment he is prevented by sickness from being here. I have therefore asked Gen. Chapin, who has kindly consented to read the poem. With a few words of his own by the way of preface, Deacon Chapin, in a distinct and appreciative way, acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his hearers."

FOREFATHERS' DAY.

This day brings salutation to our ears,
From lips that speak our own beloved tongue,
Voicing across the breadth of finished years
The tuneful chimings of a heroic song.

Back on the record of that distant past,
As though by angel or archangel hand,
Lessons and truths that shall forever last
Are writ in letters, clear and bold and grand.

How strong the tie that binds the loyal heart
To that which to its faith is voiced from heaven!
Can any power compel it to depart
From word or doctrine by such teaching given?

Let the world's dazzling bribes be what they may;
Let the world's threatening gloom be black as night;
The true heart, for its gain, will not give way,
Nor swerve a hair for all that would a-fright.

No matter what the sharp dividing stroke
That drives us exiles from the homes we love,
We bow our head to the bereaving yoke,
And go our stern allegiance to prove.

The parting makes our sorrowing hearts to bleed;
Our dearest treasures all are left behind;
Yet straight away our pilgrim steps proceed
That we may please the Overruling Mind.

From the green graves of buried sires we turn,
From brothers' heads pillowed in sleeping dust,
From childhood's ashes in their sacred urn,
From all beloved, the fair, the brave, the just.

From costly monuments of years of toil,
Reared by the outlay of our strength and skill,
Rich harvests, covering wide fields of soil,
Mansion and tower on every goodly hill.

These all, when deep conviction to us speaks,
And a hand beckons from the vaulted skies,
We leave, though anguished heart within us breaks,
Nor count the loss too great a sacrifice.

And be the outlook, as we gaze ahead,
Rough and forbidding as the earth can show,
We brace the hearts that have in anguish bled,
And forth upon our lonely voyage go.

It shall cross weary breadth of stormy seas;
It distant port shall not vaguely guess;
Rough rock and barren sand and nought to please,
And stern, deep solitude of wilderness.

Or, if the solitude give forth a voice,
It shall not be a tuneful, friendly hail,
A call to make a stranger's heart rejoice,
But savage yells, to which the brave might quail.

This is the spirit of that olden time,
That ruled the virtues of those Pilgrim sires;
Oh! that it reignued in this, our modern clime,
Kindling on all our hills its altar fires!

Would we might drink from out this elder spring
A draught shall thrill with life our every vein;
That we this ancient melody may sing,
And clasp those palms—a strong unbroken chain.

Let hand of Duty point where'er it may;
Let voice of Duty call whither it will;
To deepest night, or brightening dawn of day,
Let our true hearts unwearied follow still.

The strong conviction in our spirit wrought
By argument we cannot set aside,
That to take such a step we surely ought;
By this at sorest cost we must abide.

Let us repeat the pattern of our sires
In all the wrestling of an earnest life,

Though to be faithful lead to martyr fires,
Or to some sharpest edge of bitter strife.

Veined from those brave hearts of the elder time,
May ours with true heroic purpose beat,
To follow Right to any distant clime,
Whatever wounds our swift, obedient feet.

And down the ages may this spirit move,
Where seed of ours shall breathe the vital air,
The soul's firm constancy, unchanged, to prove
To Truth and God ever and everywhere.

TOASTS.

Were next in order, and the first on the list, or on the table, was "The Pilgrim Pulpit." Referring to it by way of introduction, the President said: "An old historian in describing the establishment of the colony of Plymouth, gives the true sequence in the stages of the process when he said, 'They planted a Church of Christ there, and set up civil government.'—'The Pilgrim Pulpit,' unequaled as an instructor and controller of the people. May the pulpit of the present day deserve and hold a position equally commanding."

"I have the honor of introducing a gentleman who will respond to this sentiment, who has already informed the President 'that he may be able to get part way up the stairs, where he sat sometimes in childhood, and make a brief harangue.' If he only gets as far as the pulpit stairs his class in the Seminary should be content in their aspirations, if they are able to hold their manuscript in their hands and gaze at the outside of the door. Ladies and gentlemen, Professor Benton."

The Professor being in his element and at his best, said:

"Mr. President: The men who filled the pulpit of Pilgrim and Puritan during the first thirty years of New England life, were born, reared, and trained in the old world. But the old world itself was becoming transformed, as they were ripening into manhood. We shall not estimate them right until we make account both of their age, and of the condition of their native land."

"At the end of a century the great reformation, in England at least, needed to be itself reformed. The mother country was amid the throes and tumults, toils and trials, strifes and heats, of such a new reform, when the men we speak of were entering on their career. What a tide of religious thought, feeling, action, and passion it was that rose and swept over England during the first half of the seventeenth century; taking off the head of a king as it sped, tossing the Lord Protector to the headship of affairs, and showing the beautiful person of a Milton in its shining spray."

"In the country around Cambridge was the spirit of reform specially ripe. It was not far from that University town that Cromwell, only a 'gentleman' in rank, received his inspiration, nursed his genius, kindled his imagination, and burst into greatness. And it was at that University, where nine-tenths of the fathers of the American pulpit received their training, rather than at more conservative Oxford, that they caught the spirit of reform, got light on the subject of manhood, had revelations of sainthood, dreamed the dream of a pure church, 'not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing,' and took on a line of reclusion that flamed all the sky."

"Providentially it occurred, that after King James and his coadjutors had succeeded in 'hurrying' out of England some thousands of the more notable reformers, with their pastors and teachers—the cause halted, discouragements arose, and the hopes of multitudes were dashed. And just then scores of ministers, baffled and annoyed at home, turned their eyes to the new world as a more hopeful scene of endeavor, and emigrated to New England, with their flocks, or part of them, or alone. That movement filled, and more than filled, the pulpit of the time."

"The age, of course, was still harsh and hard in its civilization, and carried high the sense of power above the sense of right. But, church-wise, it was an age of unpretense and humility. All were brethren, all on a par, and elder, teacher, and minister were lifted only officially above the lowliest members of that glorious Church of the Redeemed, in which all were sons and heirs of the Most High, and all were unto their God, prophets, priests, and kings. Any member could preach whom the people might invite to do so, and any preacher could fall back into the ranks when his services were no longer in demand."

"To relatively small flocks, 'in the wilderness,' possessed by these most 'advanced' ideas, with all the labors of pioneers on their hands, and in the midst of privations and hardships, these choice men of the old world, who had received the best culture of their time and land, were called to preach and teach, pray and prophecy. They had no cathedrals,

carved pulpits, rituals, organs, altars, choirs, saint days, pomps, pageants, nor processions. They met the people where they might, and there were reading and singing, praying and preaching—and these were all. All? No. There was there the soul of all true worship, the devout spirit, the broken heart, love for the Master, love for the brotherhood, eager listening, appreciative hearing, and all the uplift of great natures, greatly in earnest, who believed themselves the weakest of all beings, humanly; the strongest of all forces, divinely."

"To hearers of this stamp these ministers cheerfully adapted themselves, forgot a hundred old preferences, let in upon themselves light from above, and let themselves out with the utmost abandon, protracting their discourses as the day grew long, and forgetting to abbreviate them as the days grew brief. They were often tasked. They had no libraries to speak of, no lectures, no quarterlies and magazines, no external helps. They studied the Scriptures. The Old Testament they knew better than does half the modern 'higher criticism.' They idealized the commonwealth of Israel into the model of their republic, and the New Testament Church into the model of citizenship. They saw all things sacred and nothing secular. The Church was to mold and sanctify the State. In all life's ongoings there was a luminous divine presence, the 'immanence of God,' and in all the church's progress there was the 'divine transcendence,' in the wonders of his grace. So to these men the earth was full of God, and the skies were bright with the signs of a coming Christ, in a kingdom ere long to fill the world—of all which they were the unworthy, yet tried, elected, and glorified hierophants."

The seven minutes of the Professor were lengthened not a little by the applause which echoed back, and all around his earnest words.

Always near the Pilgrim Church or in sight of it, stands the school-house. It followed, therefore, as in the logic of events, that the next toast should be the "The Pilgrim School-House."

It was taken up by the President in this way:

"Tyler says in his 'History of American Literature,' that only six years after John Winthrop arrived in Salem Harbor, the people of Massachusetts took from their own treasury the funds with which to found a University, so that while the tree stumps were as yet scarcely weather brown in their harvest fields, and before the nightly howl of the wolf had ceased from the outskirts of their villages, they had made arrangements by which their young men could at once enter upon the study of Aristotle and Thucydides, of Horace and Tacitus, and the Hebrew Bible."

"The Earl of Bellemont congratulated New England on this superb achievement by which, as he said, 'their youth were not put to travel for learning but had the Muses at their doors.' The New England school-house has traversed the continent, and California's youth need not travel for learning, but may find the Cambridge and Berkeley angle of incidence exactly correspondent."

"The Pilgrim School-House. From Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, its logs have become bricks, and its district school a University. I have the pleasure of introducing President Reid of the University of California."

Pres. Reid responded in substance as follows:

"It would be difficult to frame a sentiment regarding our Pilgrim forefathers that would not be worthy of serious consideration. It is always interesting and we sometimes think it amusing to talk over early colonial life. But if we will take the pains to compare the opportunities that our forefathers had, their habit of thought and life and the results they attained, with our opportunities, our habit of thought and life and the results that are now attained, we shall, I think, find matter for serious thought, rather than for amusement."

"It was my purpose to say something that would acquaint you somewhat with the spirit of the men of those times, but in thinking over how I might best bring them before you in their habit of thought, I found that in my words all the flavor of the men and of the time, was lost. It was much like trying to make known to strangers the peculiar qualities of an absent friend those mental and affectional qualities that make him just what he is and that distinguish him from all other persons. The next best thing to listening to his own words as he speaks them, is reading what he has to say when he writes on subjects that most occupy his mind. And so I became convinced that I could in no way so well serve my purpose and the purpose of this meeting as by allowing some of the

Pilgrim fathers to speak for themselves in their own language.

"The extracts that I will now read are taken from the early colonial records, and doubtless reflect a phase of the prevailing thought of the time regarding education. The first legislation relating to public instruction in the colonial records of Massachusetts is an order of the General Court passed in 1642, reading as follows:

"Forasmuch as the education of children is of singular behoof and benefit to any commonwealth, and whereas, many parents and masters are too indulgent and negligent of their duty in that kind; It is ordered, that the selectmen of every town in the several precincts and quarters where they dwell, shall have a vigilant eye over their neighbors, to see—First, that none of them shall suffer so much barbarism in any of their families, as not to endeavor to teach, by themselves or others, their children and apprentices so much learning as may enable them to read perfectly the English tongue, and knowledge of the Capital Laws, upon penalty of twenty shillings, for each neglect therein, etc., etc."

"And this 'order' was not a dead letter, as the records of many of the ancient towns abundantly show. In 1680 the selectmen of Sudbury, in obedience to an order of the General Court 'requiring returns to be made relative to the support of the ministry, the maintenance of schools' etc., reported that 'having gone over the houses throughout the town, from house to house, and inspected and made inquiry, they 'do find that all children and young persons are in a forward and growing way as to reading and catechising; and as to work and employment, they find them generally diligent, and in a hopeful, thriving way in all respects; and 'further, that though there be no stated school, the inhabitants being scattered, they have two school-dames each side of the river that teacheth small children to spell and read,' and for teaching to write and cipher, there is Mr. Thomas Walker, and two or three others about town that do teach. And touching persons who live from under family government, or after a dissolute and disorderly manner, to ye dishonoring of God and corrupting of youth, the selectmen, after personal inquiry into all families and quarters in and about this town, do return this answer, that they find none such amongst them."

"(It being one chief project of that old deluder Satan, to keep men from the knowledge of the Scriptures, as in former times, keeping them in an unknown tongue, so that at least the true sense and meaning of the original might be clouded with false glosses of saint-seeming deceivers; and that learning may not be buried in the grave of our forefathers in church and commonwealth, the Lord assisting our endeavors."

"It is therefore ordered by this court and authority thereof, that every township within this jurisdiction, after the Lord hath increased them to the number of fifty householders, shall then forthwith appoint one within their town, to teach all such children as shall resort to him, to write and read, whose wages shall be paid, either by the parents or masters of such children or by the inhabitants in general, by way of supply, as the major part of those who order the prudentials of the town shall appoint; provided that those who send their children be not oppressed by paying more than they can have them taught for in other towns."

"And it is further ordered, that where any town shall increase to the number of one hundred families, or householders, they shall set up a grammar-school, the masters thereof being able to instruct youths, so far as they may be fitted for the university, and if any town neglect the performance thereof, above one year, then every such town shall pay five pounds per annum, the next school, till they shall perform this order."

"A proposition looking toward the assistance of students at Harvard College was made by Mr. Shepherd and approved by the Commissioners of the United Colonies. Mr. Shepherd, after requesting the Commissioners to consider 'some way of comfortable maintenance for that school of the prophets which now is,' suggests that, if, 'therefore, it were commended by you, and left to the freedom of every family which is able and willing to give throughout the plantations, to give yearly but the fourth part of a bushel of corn, or something equivalent thereto, and for this end, if every minister were desired to stir up the hearts of the people once in the fittest season of the year, to be freely enlarged therein, and one or two faithful men appointed in each town, to receive and seasonably to send in what shall thus be given by them,

it is conceived that as no man could feel any grievance hereby, so it would be a blessed means of comfortable provision for the diet of divers such students as may stand in need of some support and be thought meet and worthy to be continued a fit season therein."

President Reid then gave a description of the first school-house in which he attended school, and which, in the absence of any authoritative description of the Pilgrim school-house, he submitted as perhaps conveying a very fair idea of the school accommodations of those early days. "It was a rectangular log house similar in appearance to many of the log cabins that are seen near abandoned mining camps in California, with a loose puncheon floor—each puncheon being kept in its place, if indeed it were kept in place, by its own weight. The benches too, were of puncheons, and their legs were made of portions of the tree from which the puncheon was cut, and were roughly shaped by the axe and fitted in angular holes about six inches from each end. The room was rather too well ventilated, especially in the winter time—mainly, however, through the efforts of the pupils themselves, who were in the habit of establishing communication with the outside world by displacing portions of the hardened mud that was used to fill in the spaces between the logs. The door of the school-room was so ill-fitted that the snow not unfrequently drifted under it almost to the middle of the room. On one occasion the stove gave out, and its place was supplied for a time by a large iron pot, such as were formerly used in hog-killing and soap-making times—the smoke being allowed to find its way out of the room as best it could. Other accommodations were similar in character, and the appliances of the school-room were hardly better.

"The manners of the school children of those days received especial attention. Edward Everett, relates that in his childhood if school children on their way to school chanced to meet an aged person or a traveler, they were required to take their stand by the roadside and 'make their manners,' as it was called—the girls courtesying and the boys bowing. In the speaker's early school life, traces of this custom yet remained, for the boys were required to make a formal bow on entering and leaving the school-room, and the girls to courtesy."

President Reid then spoke briefly of the condition of scientific knowledge in those days, illustrating what he said by reference to the belief of Cotton Mather, one of the most learned men of his day, that lightning proceeded from the Prince of the power of the air, and to his offering in substantiation of his belief the fact that lightning was so apt to strike the spires of churches. The condition of geological knowledge was illustrated by calling attention to the fact that the ministers of the day were accustomed to silence all objections to the flood by reference to the drift and bowlders of the Glacial Age as indisputable evidence of the great deluge. The speaker closed by saying that "whatever may be said of the views of our Pilgrim forefathers regarding science, life and duty, however much we may deplore what we are pleased to term their narrowness of view, we yet cannot fail to be impressed with the feeling that their lives were lives of purpose and attainment, nor can it be doubted that their education contributed much to their marked strength of purpose and of character. It is sometimes questioned whether the education of to-day and the thought of to-day lead to equally desirable results. It is a question that may well engage the thoughtful attention of this Club, and of all who cherish the spirit and admire the product of New England training."

To all of which the grateful "Sons of Renowned Sires," gave a hearty Amen.

"THE PILGRIM HOME"

Was next to follow. Drawing from a full treasure-house of things new and old, Dr. Barrows quoted:

"There is no place like the old place,
Where you and I were born;
Where we lifted first our eye-lids
On the splendors of the morn."

"From the mother's love that watched us,
From the clinging arms that bore us;
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us
That will look on us no more."

"There are no times like the old times,
They shall never be forgot;
There is no place like the old place;
Keep green the dear old spot."

"There are no friends like our old friends,
May Heaven prolong their lives;
There are no loves like our old loves,
God bless our loving wives."

"The Pilgrim Home"—its counterpart is seen in the newest sections of our western world.

"A gentleman will respond to this sentiment who can make a first-rate speech in seven minutes; Rev. T. K. Noble, of Plymouth church"—and friend Noble did it exactly. He began by saying:

"When the three wise men of Greece were asked their views respecting a model home, Solon replied, that he counted that a model home where the estate was gotten without injustice, kept without distrust and spent without regret. Another said, 'No; that is a model home where the master does voluntarily what he is compelled to do by law abroad,' while a third said he counted that the best home where superfluities were not desired and necessities were not wanting. It is no exaggeration to affirm that each of these conditions of the wise men were met and satisfied in the Pilgrim home. Let us look for a moment at a typical Pilgrim home.

"It is not an imposing edifice, but a plain family mansion, built for use rather than for show. Its 'best room,' indeed, is carefully guarded, kept scrupulously clean and neat for that somewhat infrequent event in Pilgrim life which they called 'having company.' The furniture

of this room is plain and substantial, and the walls are adorned with sketches representing Bible scenes, together with the 'Family Genealogy' carefully wrought and simply framed and also a 'Mourning Piece,' depicting a sad-faced lady sitting under the willows and weeping for those who are not. In the dining-room, which is also the 'living room,' we see standing on either side of the broad, open fireplace, two spinning-wheels, the large one for wool and the other for flax. These household implements are now found only in 'curiosity shops,' or Antiquarian Halls, where may be seen daughters of the Pilgrim curiously wondering, 'what in the world they are for and how the old things go!' In a room by itself we behold the heavily-timbered loom, whose rattling thwack, as it beats the wool, is no longer heard in the land.

"If we enter the chambers, we find them innocent of carpets and destitute of decoration, but the linen is white as the snow heaped high upon the roof, while in the hall, hanging behind the door we discern the old-fashioned warming-pan, gratefully suggesting that even the awful cold of a New England winter may be materially mitigated. Such was the Pilgrim home on its material side. It was a homely home, built in a homely age, and by a home-spun people. It was not in all respects an ideal home; it was wanting possibly in what Matthew Arnold calls 'sweetness and light,' but under the humble roof there were bred and nurtured simple virtues more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold. In the brief time allotted me, I can call attention to but two or three characteristics of the Pilgrim home.

"The historian tells us that the main strength of New England lay in its homes. (1) The Pilgrim home was a home of purity, founded by those who accepted the biblical doctrine of the indissoluble union of one man and one woman so long as they both should live. A union, moreover, which could not be entered into either suddenly or secretly.

"By the laws of the Colonies, a marriage must be published for at least fifteen days, including three Sundays, and no marriage was valid without the consent of the parents or guardian of the bride. The Pilgrims had not made the discovery of modern times that 'incompatibility of temper' is a sufficient reason for breaking up a home. They took each other 'for better or for worse,' and if it turned out for the worse, they got on as best they could. It was a home, moreover, which had a head and theoretically, at least, this head was not the woman. If it was the duty of the husband to love the wife as Christ loved his Church, it was the place of the woman to observe the scriptural injunction and 'see to it that she reverence her husband.' Our Pilgrim fathers had strong convictions on this point, and they enacted a law providing that, if a woman abused her husband or struck her father-in-law, she should be whipped, or fined, at the option of the magistrate. But when were laws for the subordination of woman of any practical effect? [Laughter.] Do what the men may, women will have their say, and we are not surprised to find Gov. Winthrop recording in his diary respecting a law for the suppression of luxury that 'divers of the elders' wives disorderly and successfully opposed it. I suspect that in the average Pilgrim home the husband and wife compromised, on the doctrine of 'the united head.' I remember well, a venerable clergyman, a true son of the Pilgrims, who used to come in my boyhood to my father's house and at the family devotions pray with great fervor for 'the united head' of our home. What a 'united head' might be, was a profound mystery to my boyish mind. Years afterward, when I got married, I found out! [Cheers.] (2) The Pilgrim home was a home of industry, hallowed and ennobled by honest labor. Our Pilgrim Fathers looked upon idleness as a sin and a shame. They regarded toil as manly and honorable, and when the work of the day was done, there was a place at the family table and at the family fireside for 'the hired man,' and 'the hired girl.' Our Pilgrim mothers, too, wrought with their own hands the thing that was good. They were not educated, in the modern sense of the term; they had no boarding-school diplomas; indeed, if you examine the legal papers of those early New England days, you will see that in the first century of the colonies, while well-to-do women were taught to read, they were not, as a rule, able to write. Nevertheless, they had a practical education, which made them admirable companions for our Pilgrim fathers. Married at a much earlier age than is customary at the present day, they regarded it as their mission in life to be help-meets to their husbands, and, therefore, like the virtuous woman described by Solomon, 'they rose up while it was night, giving a portion to their households; they sought wool and flax from afar.' They carded and spun, and wove garments for themselves, their children and their husbands. And this life of loving and honorable industry gave them what has been well called 'the magnificent motherhood of health.' (3) While the Pilgrim Home was a home of purity, order and industry, it was also a home of piety. God was there honored and his Word daily read. Parents were required by law in those early days to see to it that their children were instructed in the Scriptures and able to recite some orthodox catechism, home 'with out the book.' In the entire ordering of the home the things of the kingdom of God were sought first. Morning and evening the whole household knelt around the family altar while 'the priest, the husband and the father prayed.' The historian of the time uttered only words of truth and soberness when he affirmed that the chief glory of the Pilgrims was their faith, and the true secret of their success the open Bible and the family altar. God grant that our beloved Commonwealth of California may be dotted all

over with Pilgrim homes." [Applause.]

The tide was rising and flowing strong, when the President announced the next toast, as follows: "The famous 'Etonian Bard,' whose characteristic volume may be found in the library of an eastern college, has written this graphic couplet:

"The States of North America were once a savage band,
They often gathered on the sea and capered on the sand."

"From such a conception of the early Commonwealth to its perfected condition, the Pilgrim thought extended, and set its standard high in the later rhythm:

"When the Muses nine,
With the virtues meet,
Find to their design,
An Atlantic sea,
By green orchard boughs,
Fenced from the heat,
Where the statesman ploughs
Furrow for the wheat."

"When the Church is social worth,
When the Statehouse is the heart,
When the perfect state is come,
The Republic is at 'home.'"

"The Pilgrim Commonwealth! Its official ermine, of the choicest texture, fringed with mercy, justice and truth! May the day speedily return when the office shall choose the man."

"I have the pleasure of introducing a distinguished citizen whom neither Oakland nor San Francisco can exclusively claim, but the State—the Hon. James M. Haven."

After the applause, Mr. Haven responded:

"Mr. President: The 'Pilgrim Commonwealth' was the crystallization into a civil polity, of the God-fearing, liberty-loving spirit which inspired the Pilgrims. The Pilgrim Church was born across the sea; it came with the little band of brave men and women in the cabin of the *Mayflower*. The Pilgrim Commonwealth was born when the sails were furled, and the little ship was at anchor in the harbor of Cape Cod, after the boisterous voyage of sixty-five days was ended, and just one month before the Pilgrims set their feet upon the bleak shore at Plymouth. It seemed a little thing for forty-one men to sign their names to a compact, gathered around a table in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, but that was, in its character and influence, one of the grandest and most far-reaching events of all human history."

"I make no apology for reading here to-night that compact, which I wish every son of New England would cause his children to read on each returning Forefather's Day. This was the charter of the 'Pilgrim Commonwealth.' IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN! We, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dead sovereign, King James, having undertaken for the glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, connect and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the aforesaid, and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience." That, sir, was the birth of popular constitutional liberty. For the first time in human history was government organized 'on the basis of equal laws' for the 'common good.' And, as one month later the Pilgrim Fathers went forth with their wives and little ones to build their homes on the bleak New England shore, there went forth with them a free, Christian worship and a Democratic government—the Pilgrim Church and the Pilgrim Commonwealth. In the language of De Tocqueville, 'A democracy more perfect than any which antiquity dreamed of started at once from the midst of feudal society.'

"The frame of civil government in the Old Colony was of the utmost simplicity. There was annually chosen by general suffrage a Governor, whose power was specially limited by a Council of five, increased in 1633 to seven, assistants. In the Council the Governor had but a double vote. The Legislature was for eighty years composed of the whole body of the male inhabitants, and the State was governed as a pure democracy. With the increase of population, and its spread to more distant parts, the representative system was introduced, and each town sent its committee to the general court. The legislation was based upon the Word of God, and the enacted laws were of the loftiest and sternest morality."

"The Pilgrim Commonwealth was a government of the people, by the people, for the people, founded upon the consent of the governed. And resting upon this consent, those giving the consent felt the responsibility of political suffrage. The Pilgrim ballot was not a bauble for the sport of demagogues, but a sacred, God-given trust; and behind each ballot was an educated mind and an enlightened conscience. Never in any community was there such a condensation of moral force behind the vote of the people. The feeling of responsibility in the exercise of a freeman's ballot led to the planting of the Pilgrim schoolhouse beside the Pilgrim meeting-house. Education became at once a chief care of government in the Pilgrim Commonwealth."

"Our Pilgrim Fathers were not iconoclasts. They dashed down the image of royalty, but they put in its place of which royalty should ever have been the symbol. Law, although enthroned by the people themselves, was by the people loyally worshipped and effectively enforced. The Pilgrims recognized the authority of government as ordained of God. And liberty, in the Pilgrim Commonwealth, was not license. There was no firing from behind barricades; there

was no treading of statutes, in open defiance, under foot. There was no public sentiment that excused assassination under the flimsy plea of self-defense."

"The Pilgrim Commonwealth was the mould, not the established, powerful nation; the germ, not the perfected fruit. The Fathers were but men. The swaddling clothes of the infant could not clothe the limbs of the growing giant. But the germ contained the principles of living truth which have found development in the more ripened fruit."

"The watchword of the founders of the Pilgrim Commonwealth was *LOYALTY TO DUTY*."

"With a faith that was fed as well as lit at God's altar, they looked down the vista of the future and rejoiced in the thought of their extended influence and the triumph of their principles. In 1639 Gov. Bradford sent this greeting to his native land: 'As one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shown to many; yea, in some sort to our whole nation.' And back across the sea—not by lightning flash along the deep sea continents, as now; but by weary weeks of sail came the response: 'Let it not be grievous to you that you have been instrumental to break the ice for others. The honor shall be yours to the world's end.' And the honor shall be theirs. As we, sons and daughters of those Pilgrim sires, stand here to-night by this Pacific sea, upon the western fringe of the broad continent, on the eastern shore of which their feet first trod—citizens of a Republic of fifty millions of freemen; with a ripened civilization of which those fathers never dreamed; let us fondly cherish their memory; and imitating their example, let us write upon the walls of our dwellings and inscribe upon the altars of our churches, yea, sir, make it the motto of our daily lives, the grand truth, that for individual, and for Commonwealth, the 'path of duty' is the only path to greatness."

The regulation toast for "Army and Navy" was not on the list; perhaps because the Pilgrims could boast of no navy, while the army of Miles Standish could hardly muster more than eight—no regiments—but rank and file, all told. While no navy and no army was a great lack, perhaps there was a greater lack, which the President of the occasion took pains to remind the "Sons" that their fathers experienced.

"With a slight change," he said, "we may quote one of New England's poets at this hour, and as a fitting introduction to the next toast:

"Success to our publishers, authors and editors,
To our debtors, good luck; pleasant dreams
To our creditors!

May the "daily" grow yearly, till all we are groping for
Has reached the fulfillment of all we are hoping for;
Till the roughs, as we call them, grown loving and dutiful,
Shall worship the true and the pure and the beautiful,
And preying no longer as tiger and vulture do,
All read the *Bulletin* as persons of culture do."

"The Great Pilgrim Lack—the Newspaper! In absence of a gentleman whose editorial work has adorned the magazine and the newspaper with the jewels of New England thought—Dr. W. C. Bartlett—and who was to have spoken to this sentiment, but is unavoidably detained, we will respond by rising and drinking a refreshing draught of pure, cold water."

As spice and dessert to this feast of reason, the President galled on the guests to speak their minds. That they had greatly enjoyed the entertainment was evident from their beaming faces and hearty responses. In calling upon his brother churchman, the President said: "The Episcopal Church." Its candle has become an ear and its prayer-book a boat in common sympathy with all other craft in the Christian stream of humanity. If its prayers are all written, the speeches of its clergy are their own. We have with us to-night a right royal representative of this historic Church. Though, as he declared in his acceptance to the dinner, that his lady was still a myth, his presence in this assembly leads us to hope that ere long there may be not only an 'Advent' to his Church, but an 'advent' to his side. Ladies and gentlemen, the Rev. Dr. Githens of 'The Church of the Advent' in this city."

To which pleasant rally the good Rector said:

"Many thanks, Mr. President, for your good words and kind wishes; they are truly appreciated, as also the courtesy in inviting me to be your guest this evening. Yet it has struck me as something of a joke that I, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, descended from that same Mother Church of England, that the Puritan forefathers were so anxious to escape from, should meet with you to keep Forefather's Day."

"Add to this that my ancestors were many of them Quakers, and it would not recall the most pleasant memories. But that is of the past, and I am most happy to be with you and to see so many happy faces around what might seem one common hearthstone. For it seems emphatically a home feast in every sense, and I am broad Churchman enough to rejoice in the happiness of all who profess and call themselves Christians."

"The Puritans, many of them, were a long time in forgetting a secret love for the old Church of their fathers, and as a proof that some of this love has descended to their children, are these evergreens with which this room is decorated in anticipation of the Merry Christmas; the observance of which was once so bitterly condemned by our forefathers, and now almost universally loved and celebrated by the Christian world."

"And as we kneel around the manger cradle of Him who came to bring peace and good-will may we not hope that the day is not far distant when Puritan and

Churchman, Quaker and Baptist once arrayed each against the other, shall meet around one common altar, and these shall be "One fold under one shepherd."

In introducing the next speaker, Dr. Barrows said: "The cry of the old divine was, 'Give me Scotland, or I die.' One of our sister denominations has declared, 'Give us water or we die!' In that exclamation we all join, and though we, as Congregationalists, prefer sprinkling, we are never reluctant to be immersed in the eloquent thought of our honored brother, the Rev. Dr. Abbott, a grand representative of the Baptist Church."

If ever the Congregationalists of New England were a little hard on the Baptists, the Congregationalists at the Golden Gate were more than cordial in their salutation to their guest, who, on rising to the applause, said, in substance:

"Mr. President: I thank you for the words with which you welcome me to this meeting to-night. I am not sure but that I am somewhat of a Congregationalist myself. A Chinaman, at work at his trade as a mason, in China, when asked how long he had been engaged in that business, replied: 'Four hundred years, sir.' The interrogator was bewildered at first by the reply, but he soon discovered that individuality in China amounted to nothing, and ancestry only and ever was the chief factor in history. With my ancestry in thought, I have to confess that I am a Congregationalist. In proof of which I need but to appeal to Dr. Moar, of your Theological seminary, who, as scribe for the old Congregational church in Andover, Massachusetts, the home of my great-grandfather Ebenezer, had the most agreeable duty, I trust, every now and then, of enrolling sixty Abbots, 'good, bad and indifferent,' on the rolls of the parish church. As far as ancestry goes, therefore, I claim to be a Congregationalist as long a time as any of you. Over the ocean, 263 years ago, my Pilgrim fathers, as also yours, were not so much Congregationalists as they were Independents and Separatists. They were such at Scrooby and at Leyden, across the channel. And, by your leave, I speak for Separatists and Puritans myself to-night. Baptists are Puritans of the strictest sort—but not to speak of things in *variance*, but of things in *common*. The hour that you honor to-night, and to which your cordial fellowship welcomes others of other names in Christ, was the heroic hour of American history, equalled by no hour since in national life, surpassed by no other historic hour in the colonial planting of the nations of the earth. It was the heroic hour; the hour that is more and more to be the theme for Epic poetry to the end of time. We have been told of the worth of pastors in those days of Scrooby and Leyden. John Robinson's advice have been rehearsed to our ears. But there were laymen in those days, also, as well as pastors; laymen whose moral and religious force was fully the equal of their pastors. It was a church of laymen that was at first planted at Plymouth; high-minded, pure-spirited, Bible-reading, Sabbath-observing. Their record of the Sabbath preceding their landing at Plymouth, after many days of cold and want and anxiety to go ashore, was this: 'On the Sabbath day we rested.' This was a rest that deserved the repetition your own Capt. Knight, years ago, interpreted into a prohibition of the Pacific Mail steamers leaving San Francisco on Sunday. He was a Pilgrim son of Pilgrim sires. He revives his memory and his deeds in the salvation of the Sabbath by the Congregationalist laymen, and by the laymen of all denominations on the Pacific Coast."

"With a brilliant record of Church independence, free from external control; with a wealth of intelligence in ministry and laity alike, with a service to culture and to sanctity in academies, colleges and theological schools, no knowing man can dispute; with a missionary zeal that has taken the girth of the globe, you Congregationalists may be justly proud. You have given Baptists an Adoniram Judson and a Horatio B. Hackett, for which we shall forever bless you, and ask you to repeat your kindness to the degree of your pleasure. God bless the Congregationalism of the present age, and in its pastorate and laity alike make it by direct descent heroic for God and man, as were they whose annals we review for praise to-night."

The next representative man was presented by the President, in his way of putting men as well as things, by saying: "We have with us to-night, and we are glad to greet him on this festive occasion, the representative of a denomination whose conservative element is sometimes deemed an essential ingredient in the Congregational compound, and whose careful anxiety to rectify Congregational radicalism we thoroughly appreciate. I take great pleasure in introducing a Presbyterian Congregationalist, the Rev. Dr. Fiske, of the Howard Street Presbyterian church."

His response was a grand one—the gist of which we give as best we can:

"Mr. President: Two things this Forefather's evening are in all our minds, the *Mayflower* and Plymouth Rock. The *Mayflower* seems to have been the ship of biggest tonnage that was ever built. It carried more things, and things of more worth to this Continent than any ship beside, that ever reached these shores. Nay, more things and of more worth to the world than any other that ever sailed salt seas. Its living freight was the expressed essence of the reformed world, brought here for seed; new seed for virgin soil. Its increase now waves in harvests of all that is finest in possession or in promise on this continent, or, indeed, in the world; for there has been now 250 years of come-back as well as forth, between the old world and the new."

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"And Plymouth Rock. We are apt to take the notion of it as if the whole of it were that point that cropped out at Plymouth bay—just big enough for a man to keep his two feet on. Thinking so, we mistake. That rock is very broad. It constitutes a logical formation. They struck it there, and stood on it to abide, let us pray. They struck it down in Connecticut and Rhode Island, and planted themselves on it to abide. They found it in New Amsterdam, in New Jersey and Virginia, and planted themselves on it to abide forever. The Huguenots in South Carolina found there the same eternal granite. It is the backbone of the continent; underlies the Alleghenies. They, in the great States of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, digging for the foundations of things, character, home, school, church, state, found just under the surface that old rock, and planted thereon many names in Jesus Christ, to abide in him forever. That granite stretches past the Rockies and the deserts and the Sierras, and crops out firm as ever on this Pacific coast, and far by the pillars of the Golden Gate, for everlasting establishment of religion and society and morals. It is the rock of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism alike. That bit of the rock which Dr. Warren wears on his waistcoat isn't the whole rock, nor can you Congregationalists cover it all with your feet. We Presbyterians will not try to crowd you off it. There is room for us both and for more. As a matter of history the distinction of Congregational and Presbyterian is in origin more accident than intention. Narrow as are now the border spaces, they were narrower once. The Presbyterians of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania had place and voice in all the Congregational councils of New England; and the Congregationalists of New England had their seats and voices in the General Assembly and Synods of the Presbyterian body. We wrought long together in every missionary and benevolent and educational enterprise. In New England we met together on the common platform of Consecrationism. Congregationalism used to concede to the Presbyterians all territory west of New England, as if it were but another name for the same thing. And over to say: 'Young brethren, if you stay in New England you will be Congregational ministers; if you go West you will be Presbyterians,' without a quaver of suspicion, as if they were perverting Congregational funds by educating Presbyterian ministers. The truth is, we are a good deal more than brothers. We are of one flesh and one blood."

"It is therefore that we are bound to pray and watch for you; for the print of your faith; for the sinewy strength of your right arms; for the holy sweep and energy of your progress toward the kingdom; and we implore you to do the same for us. For as we see it in you and in us; in the very structure of our faith. Under baptism of the Holy Ghost, is the glory of the Church and kingdom of Jesus Christ, and the hope of the perpetuity and splendor of pure institutions, and for the humanity of our earth."

The hand was traveling to the letter X. on the dial-plate, but there was more of the good wine to come, and all who were not obliged to take the Oakland boat at 9:30 stayed to enjoy all that was to be had.

"Years ago," said the President, "at the time of the war, my vacation college days were spent in or near the city of Portland, Maine, and there the pastor of the notable First Unitarian church in that city was doing valiant service by word and deed to maintain the principles of the Pilgrims and to uphold the free government of the Forefathers. He slipped away to the Golden Gate too soon for us to listen to any of his speeches or discourses. Neither have I heard him preach since we have become companions and friends in this city of our adoption, but I am sure none of us would object to listening to-night to a short sermon from Rev. Dr. Stebbins, of the Unitarian church in this city."

After thanking the Club and the President for the hospitalities of the hour, Dr. Stebbins made touching allusion to Dr. Stone, whose absence all regretted, and no one more than himself. He thanked Dr. Moar for his able and truthful presentation of the genial side of the Pilgrims and gave glowing tribute to the grand spirit of the Fathers, who, though overpowered by the spirit of the age were better than their times. In eloquent words he dwelt on the beauty of dear New England; its beauty of land, sea, and sky, hills, streams and fields, which no loyal Son will or ever can forget. His eulogy of Pres. Edwards found response in every heart. He pronounced him as the first pre-revolutionary American, a peer of the greatest of men. He felt constrained to rebuke those that might laugh at his absent-mindedness which caused him at times not to know his own cow from his neighbor's cows, for he said he didn't live down there—he dwelt in the stars; his mind was in heaven. Yet, Northampton sent him away. He compared present theology as giving more of the corn of Christianity than that of former years, and with earnest words on the need of holding to grand truths, which make men great and true. The feast was concluded by parting words by the president, good singing by San Francisco's popular soloist, S. D. Mayer, and the benediction by Dr. Beckwith.

"Good-Bye till next Forefather's Day"—and the Club adjourned.

When men work they cackle. God, never; nature, never. The sun performs its projects silently, continuously, marvelously. There is no sound in the air. This great globe, like Solomon's temple, was built without the sound of a hammer. So are the works of God in all the universe.—[H. W. Beecher.]